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TICKET-OF-LEAVE
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FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.

THE

TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN:

A DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

BY TOM TAYLOR, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

**A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business.**

**AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN THEATRES.**

PRICE 25 CENTS

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

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A comedy in 3 acts. By May Tully. Produced originally at the Bijou Theatre, New York. 6 males, 4 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior scene. Modern costumes.

This brisk and peppery farce is one of the cleanest and most hilariously amusing plays of recent years. It is the story of ambitious but impecunious youth. "Doc" Hampton, without a patient, "Stocksie," a lawyer devoid of clients, and "Chub" Perkins, a financier without capital, are in a bad way. In fact, they are broke and it is a real problem for them actually to get food. Mary Jane Smith is the heroine with the ankle. The three pals meet her first as a solicitor of funds for the poor and again as the victim of an automobile accident.

A rich relative, "Doc's" uncle, inclined to be a tightwad but good at heart, comes upon the scene and seeing Mary, immediately takes it for granted that she is his nephew's wife, having been informed by a bogus wedding invitation that the ceremony had just taken place. The fictitious wedding had been arranged by the boys in a moment of need in order to get "Doc's" family in the West to send on wedding presents that could be pawned. As his wedding present, the Uncle insists that "Doc" and Mary accompany him to Bermuda. The situation is tense, but Mary has a sense of humor, and saves the day.

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A comedy in 3 acts. By William Ford Manley. Produced originally at the Times Square Theatre, New York. 30 males, 15 females. 4 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

A rollicking farce about what transpires behind the microphone of a broadcasting studio. The most popular singing artist in Station WWVW is Roy Denny. Through some mischance it comes about that the Denny "golden voice" is really John Duffy. Duffy, being a nervous lad, has always failed miserably from microphone fright whenever he has attempted to sing under his own name. When he croons under Denny's name he kindles the divine hope in female breasts clear across this palpitating country. But Denny receives all the credit. This hoax destroys Duffy's personal love life and results in a conspiracy inside Station WWVW. As a sort of undercurrent to the narrative it introduces satiric bits about the buncombe of radio broadcasting. The play offers fine opportunities for the introduction of musical numbers and comedy acts.

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[CAST OF CHARACTERS—TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN

Olympic Theater, London, 1863. Winter Garden, New York, 1864

my	Rob. Briarly [a Lancashire Lad]	Mr. H. Neville...	Mr. W. J. Florence
song	James Dalton [alias Downey, alias The Tiger]	Mr. Atkins	Mr. A. H. Davenport
die	Hawkshaw [a Detective]	Mr. Horace Wigan.....	Mr. Hagan.
	Melter Moss.....	Mr. G. Vincent.....	Mr. Bland
	Green Jones.....	Mr. R. Soutar.....	Mr. V. Bowers.
	Mr. Gibson [a Bill Broker]	Mr. Maclean.....	Mr. Hind.
	Sam Willoughby.....	Miss Raynham.....	Mrs. Floyd.
	Maltby.....	Mr. H. Cooper.....	Mr. T. Morris.
	Burton.....	Mr. Franks.....	Mr. Smith.
to	May Edwards.....	Miss Kate Saville.....	Mrs. Chaufray.
u	Emily St. Evremond.....	Miss Hughes.....	Mrs. W. J. Florence
W. T. U	Mrs. Willoughby.....	Mrs. Stephens.....	Mrs. Hind.

Guests. Navvies, &c.

Time.—The Present Day.—An interval of three years and a half between the First and Second Acts, and intervals of six and four months between the Second and Third, and Third and Last Acts, respectively.

COSTUMES.

MELTER MOSS.—*First Act*: Rusty brown overcoat, shabby black trousers, low-crowned black hat. *Third Act*: Old-fashioned black coat and trousers, black low crown hat. *Fourth Act*: Ditto, and drab hat.

JAMES DALTON.—*First Act*: Drab coat, check trousers and vest, drab hat. *Third Act*: Black frock coat and vest, grey trousers, black hat. *Fourth Act*: Brown cut off coat, tight-fitting trousers, light vest, wide-awake hat.

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HAWKSHAW.—*First Act*: Tweed summer suit, trousers, and boots, wide-awake hat. *Third Act*: Suit of black (eccentric). *Fourth Act*: *First Dress*—Cord breeches, waistcoat with red sleeves, fur cap. *Second Dress*—Brown coat and overalls, wide-awake hat.

GREEN JONES.—*First Act*: Full evening suit and light paletot. *Second Act*: Shabby morning gown, smoking cap, and check trousers. *Third Act*: Blue frock coat, white vest, drab trousers, black hat. *Fourth Act*: Blue (butcher's) coat and white sleeves, white apron, check trousers, greasy black hat.

SAM WILLOUGHBY.—*Second Act*: Old paletot, check trousers and vest, highlows, cloth cap. *Third Act*: Tweed suit. *Fourth Act*: Green coat and vest, drab trousers, black hat.

MR. GIBSON.—*Second Act*: Frock coat, light vest, dark trousers. *Third Act*: Ditto. *Fourth Act*: Ditto.

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EMILY.—*First Act*: Rich silk dress, lace shawl, pink bonnet. *Second Act*: Showy muslin dress, hair a la Francaise. *Third Act*: Spotted muslin and hat. *Fourth Act*: Pink muslin, shawl, and bonnet.

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For whose natural and earnest acting the Drama owes its popularity in America

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Summer evening. Front of the Tavern with ornamental verandah up 1
arbours along the stage, R. and L., with tables and seats; trees, shrubs,
statues, &c. at the back, with ornamental orchestra and concert room.

PARTIES, male and female, seated at the different tables, R. and L.; **WAITERS**
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are heard giving their orders; MALTRY moving about with an eye to the
GUESTS, WAITERS, &c.; two **DETECTIVES** at table, up L. C.

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Waiter [serving another table] Yes, sir Brandy and soda for you, sir.

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Waiter Coming! [serving another party] Pot of half-and-half for you
sir. [At DETECTIVE'S table] Two Sherry negus two shillings.

[Takes money
Mal [moving about] Now, James, three teas and a muffin in 5.—
Jackson, money in 6. [To a GUEST] Uncommon thirsty weather, sir,
uncommon [to another party] If I might recommend a cobbler for the
lady, sir, delicious refreshment for July. Now, James, look after
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Enter HAWKSHAW, R. 1 E., he strolls carelessly to the DETECTIVES' table,
then in an undertone and without looking at them.

Haw Report.

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HAW [same tone] Here's old Moss. Keep an eye on him. [strolls off R.]

Enter Moss, R, sits at table, R. 1 E.

Moss [To the WAITER] Good evening, James. Four penn'orth of
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[Coughs, and looks around] Tiger not here yet. [Bell rings.]

Mal [o.] The concert bell, ladies and gentlemen—in the Rotunda
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Olympic Theater,
London, 1863.

Winter Garden,
New York, 1864

Wm J
Long
Sun
Police
M. T. W.

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TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Exit MALTBY, *wards concert room, R.*—most of the parties move off, leaving
DETECTIVES, and a GUEST here and there.

Enter DALTON, C., *from L.*

Moss [*Stirring and sipping his brandy and peppermint*] Warm and Comfortable. Tiger ought to be here before this. [*As he stirs, his eye falls on the spoon, he takes it up; weighs it in his fingers*] Uncommon neat article—might take in a good many people—plated, though, plated

While Moss is looking at the spoon, DALTON takes his seat at Moss's table, unobserved by him.

Dal. [*L. of table to Moss*] Not worth flinping, eh?

Moss R. of table, starting, but not recognizing him] Eh, did you speak to me, sir?

Dal What? don't twig me? Then it is a good get up, [*He lifts his hat, and gives him a peculiar look*] Eh, Melter?

Moss [*recognising him*] What Tiger!

Dal Stow that. There's no tigers here. My name's Downy; you mind that. John Downy, from Rotherham, jobber, and general dealer.

Mal [*coming down to DALTON*] Now, Sir, what can I have the pleasure of ordering you, sir.

Dal My good friend, Mr. Moss, here insists on standing a bottle of cherry.

Moss [*in alarm*] No, no!

Dal What, you will make it champagne? very well I'm not proud [*to MALTBY*] I like it dry, mind, and none of your home-brewed; I buy my rhubarb-juice at the greengrocer's. [*Exit MALTBY, L.*]

Moss Come, Ti— [*DALTON gives him a look, which stops him*] A joke's a joke. But a bottle of real champagne at ten and six—

Dal That's serious, eh? Well, I've taken a serious turn, always so when it's low tide here. [*Pointing to his pocket*]

Moss Down on your luck, eh?

Dal [*Shrugs his shoulder*] The crushers are getting to know too much; then there's the Nailer's been after me.

Moss What, Hawkshaw, the 'cutest detective in the force?

Dal He's taken his oath on the Bow Street Office testament to be square with me for that Peckham job— [*Hesitates.*]

Moss Ah!

Dal When I spoiled his mate. [*Shrugs his shoulders.*]

Moss [*Shaking his head*] Ah, I always said that life preserver of yours would be doing somebody a mischief.

Re-enter MALTBY, L. O. E., with champagne and glasses.

Dal Hush, here's the tipple.

Mal [*at back of table uncorking and pouring out*] And though I say it there ain't a better bottle opened at Buckingham Palace. Ten and six, Mr Moss—there's a colour—there's a bouquet!

Moss [*grumbling as he pays*] There ought to be at the price

Malt [going up] Now, Jackson, take orders in the Rotunda.

[Exit MALTBY, L. C.]

Dal [drinking] Ah, tidy swizzle!

Moss And so you're keeping dark, eh?

Dal Yes pottering about on the sneak, flimping or smashing a little when I get the chance; but the Nailer's too hard on me. There's no picking up a gentlemanly livelihood. Hang me, if I haven't often thought of turning respectable.

Moss No, no; it ain't so bad as that yet. [Looking around, and speaking cautiously] Now, I have the beautifullest lot of Bank of England fimsys that ever came out of Birmingham. It's the safest paper to work, and you should have it cheap, dirt cheap, and credit till you'd planted it.

Dal And how about the lagging! If I'm nailed it's a lifer.

Moss Bless you, I wouldn't have you chance it; but in the high society you keep, you could surely pick up a flat to put off the paper.

Dal I've the very man. I gave him an appointment here, for evening.

Moss Did you, though! How pat things come about! Who is he?

Dal A Lancashire lad; an only son, he tells me. The old folks spoiled him as long as they lived, left him a few hundreds, and now he's got the collar over his head, and is kicking 'em down, seeing life. [laughs] And life in London ain't to be seen, without paying at the doors, eh, Melter?

Moss Ha, ha, ha! and you're selling him the bill of the play.

Dal I'm putting him up to a thing or two—cards skittles, billiards sporting houses, sparring houses, night houses, casinos—every short cut to the devil and the bottom of a flat's purse. He's as green as a leek, and as soft as new cheese, no vice, steady to ride or drive, and runs in a snaffle. [Rises.]

Moss [rising] Oh, beautiful, beautiful! [rubs his hands] It would be a sin to drop such a beautiful milch cow? Suppose we pumped him in partnership?

Dal Thank you, I know *your* partnership articles, *me* all the kicks, and *you* all the half-pence. But if I can work him to plant a lot of these fimsies of yours, I don't mind; remember, though, I won't go higher than fifteen bob for a fiver.

Moss What, only fifteen bob! and such beauties, too, they'd take in the Bank chairman—fifteen! I'd better chance it myself! Only fifteen—it's robbery.

Dal Take it or leave it. [takes up the newspaper, and sits at table, L.]

Moss I must take a turn, and think it over, [going, returns] I'll bring you the fimsies. Come, you'll allow me a pound?

Dal Bid me down again, and I stand on ten shillings—now you know It's like it or lump it. [He returns to his paper.]

Moss [Holding up his hands] Oh, dear! oh dear! What it is to deal with people that have no consciences! [Exit, R. 1.]

Bri *[Heard off, L. U. E.]* A bottle of champagne, lad and half a dozen Cabanas—and look sharp!

Dal *[Looking up from paper]* Here's my pigeon!

Enter BRIERLY, L. U. E., he looks feverish and dishevelled, and is dressed in an exaggerated sporting style.

Dal *[Laying the paper down]* Ah, Bob! up to time as usual!

Bri Aye! nobody shall say Bob Brierly craned while he could keep't going. *[Waiter brings champagne and cigars]* Here—you—a clean glass for my friend. *[Crossing to L. of table, L.]*

Dal *[Pointing to Moss' bottle]* I've had my whack already.

Bri Nay, lad, you can find room for another glass.

Waiter brings another glass—BRIERLY pours out wine.

Bri It puts heart into a chap! *[drinks eagerly]* I've nearly lived on't this fortnight past.

Dal *[E. of table, L., stops his hand]* Take care, Bob, or we shall have you in the doctor's hands.

Bri Doctor? Nay; I'm as game as a pebble and as stellular as a tree! *[Fills DALTON's glass with a shaking hand]* Curse the glass! Here—drink; man, drink. I can' abear drinking single handed. I like company—always did. *[Looking round uneasily]* And now, I don't know how it is—*[Nervously looking down near the table]* No, no it's nothing! Here have a weed. *[Offers cigar]*

Dal I'll take a light from you. *[As DALTON lights his cigar at BRIERLY's, the shocking of BRIERLY's hand becomes more apparent]* Come, come, Master Bob, you're getting shaky—this won't do.

Bri It's that waking—waking.—If I could only sleep. *[Earnestly]* Oh, man—can't you help a chap to a good night's rest? I used to sleep like a top down at Glossop. But in this great big place, since I've been enjoying myself seeing life—I don't know—*[Passing his hand across his eyes]* I don't know, how it is—I get no rest—and when I do, it's worse than none—there's great black crawling things about me. *[Gulps down a glass of wine]* I say, Downy; do you know how a chap feels when he's going mad;

Dal I know the symptoms of *del. trem.* pretty well—sit down, sit down. First and foremost *[Puts him a chair]* I prescribe a devilled biscuit—I'll doctor one for you. *[calling]* Waiter! a plate of biscuit, toasted hot—butter and cayenne. *[BRIERLY hides his head in his hands—aside, looking at him contemptuously]* The horrors! ah, he's seen too much of life lately—Bob, are you in cash?

Bri Welly cleaned out—I've written to the lawyer-chap, down at Glossop—him that's got all my property to manage, yo' know—for more brass.

Dal *[Aside]* Now, if I'd a few of Moss's fivers—here's a chance.—You must bank with me till the brass comes. Delighted to lend you a sovereign—five—ten—as much as you want.

Enter MOSS, R. I. R.

Bo Nay, will yo' though! That's friendly of you. Here's luck and sink the expense! [*He pours out wine, standing in front of table.*]

Moss [*Aside to DALTON*] I've got the flimsies—I'll do it at seven ten.

Dal [*Aside*] Fork over.

Moss [*Aside, giving him a roll of notes*] There's fifty to begin with—twenty, a tenner, and four fives. Plant the big 'un first.

Enter HAWKSHAW, c., meets MOSS at back of chair—approaches the table where the DETECTIVES are—one of them nods towards MOSS and DALTON.

Moss Good evening gentleman, [*crosses in front to L.*] you'll find my friend, Mr. Downy, excellent company, sir. Very improving for a young man from the country. [*Aside*] That's an honestly earned seven-pun-ten! [*Exit MOSS, L. 1 E.*]

WAITER brings biscuits and cayenne.

Dal Now, for your devil, Master Bob. [*As he prepares the biscuit, HAWKSHAW approaches the table and takes up the paper which DALTON has put down—DALTON pushes the biscuit across to BRIERLY,*] Try that?

Hawk Beg pardon, sir, but if the paper's not in hand

[*Sits at back of table, L.*]

Dal [*Rudely, and pocketing the note hastily*] Eh—sir?

Hawk [*Sitting down coolly at the table and unfolding the paper*] Papers very dull lately, don't you think so, sir?

Dal [*Assuming a country dialect*] I never trouble 'em much, sir, except for the Smithfield Market List, in the way of business.

Hawk Ah, much my own case. They put a fellow up to the dodges of the Town, though; for instance, these cases of bad notes offered at the Bank lately. [*Watching him close*]

Dal I never took a bad note in my life.

Hawk You've been lucky—in the Smithfield line, too, I think you said. In the jobbing way, may I ask, sir, or in the breeding?

Dal Sometimes one, and sometimes t'other—always ready to turn the nimble shilling.

Hawk My own rule.

Dal May I ask your business?

Hawk The fancy iron trade. My principle is, to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I can. From the country, I think

Dal Yes, Yorkshire

Hawk Ah! I'm Durham myself; and this young gent?

Brier What's that to you? [*Pushing away the biscuit*] It's no use—I can't swallow a morsel.

Hawk From Lancashire, I see; why, we are quite neighbours when we are at home—and neighbours ought to be neighbourly in this overgrown city, so I hope you'll allow me to stand treat—give it a name, gentlemen.

Dal [*Roughly*] Thank you, I never drink with strangers.

Brier They've a saying down in Glossop, where I came from & you want a welcome, wait to be axed.

Hawk Ah, quite right to be cautious about the company you keep, young man. Perhaps I could give you a bit of good advice—

Brier Thank ye! I'm not in the way o' takin' good advice.

Hawk Well, don't take bad; and you won't easy find a worse adviser than your thieving companion here.

Dal [*Firing up*] Eh? what do you mean by that?

Hawk Not you, sir. [*Tapping the champagne bottle*] This gentleman here. He robs people of their brains—their digestion—and their conscience—to say nothing of their money. But since you won't allow me to stand anything—

Dal And wish to keep ourselves to ourselves.

Brier And think your room a deal better than your company meanin' no offence you know.

Hawk [*Rises and crosses to c.*] Not in the least. If gentlemen can't please themselves in a public establishment! I'll wish you a very good evening. [*Aside*] A plant, I'll keep an eye on 'em!

[*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Dal [*Aside*] I don't half like the look of that fellow. There's something about his eye—I must make out if Moss knows him—Bob, will you excuse me for five minutes?

Brier Don't be long—I can't abear my own company.

Dal I've only a word to say to a customer. [*Exit L. I. E.*]

HAWKSHAW, re-appears, c., watches **DALTON** off and follows him, L. 2 E., after a moment's interval.

Brier [*Goes to chair R. of table, L.*] And I'll try to sleep till he comes back. If I could only sleep without dreaming! I never close my eyes but I'm back at Glossop wi' the old folks at home—'t mother fettlin' about me, as she used when I was a brat—and father stroking my head, and callin' me his bonny boy—noa, noa—I musn't think o' them—not here—or I shall go mad.

[*Sinking his head in his hands, and sobbing*]

Music—other GUESTS come in, R. and L. and sit at the other tables.

Enter MALTBY, O from L.

Malt Now then James! Jackson take orders. Interval of ten minutes allowed for refreshment. Give your orders, gents, give your orders. The nigger melodists will shortly commence their unrivall'd entertainment, preliminary to the orchestral selection from *Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony*

Enter MAY EDWARDS with her guitar, R. U. E.—the WAITERS move about bringing refreshments to tables—MAY goes down, R.

May If they'll only let me sing to night. [*Tuning guitar*]

Mal Halloa, Halloa! what's this? Oh, it's you, is it, Edwards!

Come, I'm glad to see you're about again, but I can't have you cadging here.

May Oh, Mr. Maltby, if you'll only allow me to try one song, and go round after it, I'll stop as soon as ever they ring up.

Mal Well, well, you was always a well-behaved girl, so, for once in a way [Crosses to L.]

May Oh, thank you, thank you, and if you should have an opening for me, in the room, sir, when I'm quite strong again—

Mal No chance of it, we're chuck full—a glut of talent; but if I should be able to find room for you in the chorus, and to double Miss Plantagenet when she's in the tantrums, ten shillings a week, and find your own wardrobe, you know—I'm not the man to shrink from a generous action. Now then, Jackson, money in 4.

Exit MALTBY, L. U. E.

[MAY sings; after her song she goes round the tables; all repulse her]

1st Party [R] The concert's quite enough without catterwauling between the acts.

2d Party [R] We've no small change, miss. Waiter! bottle pale sherry!

3d Party [L] Be off!

4th Party [L] Now then, what's the girl gaping at? Can't you take an answer!

May [to BRIERLY] Please, sir—

Brier [L] Be off with thee, lass, I'm in no mood for music.

May [Suppressing her tears] Not a penny!

Brier Stop, lass; [Feels in his pocket] not a farden. Where's Downy? Come here, what'st crying at?

May I've not taken anything to-day, and I've not been well lately [She turns faint and grasps a seat to support herself.]

Brier [Rising] Poor thing; here, [Places chair] sit thee down; why thee looks welly clemmed. Try and eat a bit.

[He gives her a biscuit.]

May Thank you, sir, you're very kind. [She tries to swallow but cannot] If I had a drink of water.

Bri Wather? [At back of table, L] Nay, a sup o' this will hearten thee up. [Tries to give her wine from his bottle] Not a drop! [He looks around and sees WAITER crossing from L. to R. bringing a decanter of sherry] Here that'll do. [Takes decanter]

Wait Beg pardon, sir, it's for No. 1

Brier I'se No. 1

1st Party [R] Hollo, Sir! that's my sherry

Brier No, it's mine.

1st Party I'll let you know, [He rises and turns up his cuffs; BRIERLY looks at him]—No I'll see the landlord. [Exit 1st PARTY, L. U. E.]

Brier There, lass. [pours out a glass for MAY] Sup that.

May [drinks] It's wine.

Brier Sup it up.

May It makes me so warm

Brier It'll put some heart i' thee. Sup again, thou'llt tune thy pipes like a marvis on that. Now try and eat a bit.

May Oh, sir, you're too good.

Brier Good? me! nay—

Enter MALTBY, L. U. E., followed by 1ST PARTY.

Mal [c, soothingly] Merely a lark, depend upon it. The gentlemen will apologise. [to BRIERLY] The gent who ordered that bottle o' sherry—

Brier [L. o.] Let him ordther another, I'll pay for it.

Mal The gent cant' say fairer. [calls] Bottle sherry, Jackson seven and six, sir.

Bri Here. [Feels in his pockets] Eh? score it down.

Mal We ain't in the habit of scoring' sir, not to strangers.

Bri Then yo'd betther begin; my name's Bob Brierly.

Mal Your name may be Bob Brierly, sir, or Bob Anybody, sir, but when people take wine in this establishment, sir—especially other party's wine—they pay for it.

DALTON re-appears behind c. from L. U. E.

Bri A tell yo—I'll pay as soon as my friend comes back.

Mal Oh, your friend! A regular case of bilk—

Bri Now yo' take care.

[Firing up; the parties gather round from tables.]

May [Frightened] Oh, please, sir, please Mr. Maltby.

1st Party. It's too bad.

2d Party. Why can't you pay the man?

3d Party. Police!

Dal [Coming forward, L.] Holloa! what's all this?

Bri [c., seizing him] Here, Downy, you lend me a sovereign to pay this chap.

Dal Sorry I haven't change, but we'll manage it directly. [To MALTBY] It's all right. I'll be bail for my friend here

Mal [R] Your word's quite enough, sir. Any friend of Mr Moss—

Dal. Come, Bob, don't be a fool, take a turn and cool yourself [Drawing him off; aside] Now to plant the big'un.

[Draws him off, L, 1 b.]

Mal [To GUESTS] Sorry for this disturbance, gents quite out of keeping with the character of my establishment, [Bell—Music, piano] But the concert is about to re-commence; that way, gents, to the Rotunda. [GUESTS go off, c.—fiercely to MAY] This is all along of your cadging, Edwards, sitting down to drink with a promiscuous party.

May [R] Oh, I'm so sorry—he never thought—it was all his kindness.

Mal [L. Sneeringly] Kindness! much kindness he'd have showed you, if you'd been old and ugly. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

May [*Indignantly*] You ought to be ashamed of yourself! it is cruel in you to insult a helpless and friendless girl like me.

Mal Insult! ho, ho, ha, here's a lark! A half-starved street-singer cheeking me in my own establishment! You'd better apply for an engagement, you had, on the first vacancy. [*Looking off*] Hollo! what that? carriage company! Heavy swells on the lark, white ties and pink bonnets! Show the ladies and gentleman to the Rotunda, Jackson.

[*Exit*, R. C.

May [*Sinks down at one of the tables, L.*] I'm foolish to be angry, my bread depends on such as he. Oh, if I could only get away from this weary work! if some kind lady would take me in. I'm quick at my needle; but who'd take me, a vagabond, without a friend to speak for me? I'm all alone in the world now. It's strange how people's life is made for 'em. I see so many girls, nicely dressed, well off, with parents to love and care for 'em. I can't bear it sometimes, to see them, and then think what I am, and what's before me. [*Puts her hand to her face*] I'm a silly girl: it's all because I'm so weak from the fever. There's nothing like keeping a good heart. How good he was to me; it was all through me he got into this trouble; but I mustn't think of him. Ah [*Looking off*, R. I E.] there's a pleasant looking party yonder. Come along old friend, you've to earn my supper yet. [*Takes her guitar and exit*, R. I E.

Enter GREEN JONES and EMILY ST. EVREMOND, R. U. E.—*he wears evening costume black, white tie, Gibus hat, &c.; she is gaily dressed, pink bonnet, &c.*

Green [*Speaking as he comes down*] Excuse me, Emily! Anything but the Rotunda; if your mama likes the music let her enjoy it.

Em I'm sure the music's very nice, Mr. Jones.

Green Mr. Jones, Miss St Evremond! What have I done to be kept at arm's length by that chevaux de frise of a mister? was it for this that I thawed the thick-ribbed ice of Mrs. Traddles?

Em Thick-ribbed ain't a proper word to use to any lady, and I tell you my ma's name ain't Traddles, Mr. Jones; it's the same as mine—St. Evremond; she's changed it at my wish.

Green I beg pardon of your stern parient, [*sits L.*] Mrs. St. Evremond, late Traddles; but I repeat, was it to be called *Mister* Jones that I treated Mrs. St. E. and chyild to the Star and Garter; and her chyild without Mrs. E. to the Trafalgar, where from the moonlit balcony that overhng the fragrant river, we watched together the sunset over the Isle of Dogs?

Em And very wrong it was of me to go to that whitebait dinner without ma; and preciously she blew me up about it, though I told her you couldn't have treated me with more respect if I'd been a countess instead of a coryphee.

Green [*r.*] Emily, you only did me justice. My intentions are honorable. If you are in the ballet, that's no reason you shouldn't be a dear, good girl. You've been a trump of a daughter; I don't see why you shouldn't turn out a trump of a wife. Emily, accept my hand.

Em [L o] Nonsense, Green, you don't mean it.

Green I'm perfectly serious. My hand and my heart, my fortune and my future. Don't stare Emily. It's as true as that my name is Green. I'm quite in earnest—I am indeed.

Em Oh! Green, dear, I'm in such agitation. [Rises

Green [L] We will spend a rosy existence. You like life, and I flatter myself I understand it.

Em And don't I? I call this life—the music and the company, and the singing and the trapeze. I thought the man must break his neck. It was beautiful.

Green Yes, I like to associate with all classes. "Survey man kind," you know, Emily—"from China"—to earthenware. So when Charley Punter proposed a night at the tea gardens, I sank the swell; and here I am with Emily and her mama. Charley didn't seem to see the parient; but, "Propriety, Charley my boy," I said, and he submitted with a sigh. And now what will you have? [*Re-enter MAY, down B. 1 E.—she begins to sing.*] Oh? anything but that. Now do oblige me by shutting up, that's a good girl.

Em No, no, poor thing. Let her sing; She has a sweet voice.

Green Flat, decidedly.

Em [*Contemptuously*] You're another. Give me half a crown for her.

Green [*Gives one, she asks by gesture for another*] Two? Such a bore I shall have to change a note at the bar.

Em You'll have to change a good many notes when we are married. [*to MAY*] Come along, you shall have both half crowns.

Exeunt GREEN JONES and EMILY, L. U. E. as MAY is following.

Enter BRIERLY, L. 1 E.

Brier Downy not here? He said I was to bring't brass to our table.

May [*Recognises him up c. ; comes down*] 'Tis he! [*Joyously*] Oh, sir, I'm so sorry—

Brier Why, it's t' singin' lass. [*Crosses to her*] I say, have you seen my friend?

May No, sir.

Brier And where's t' landlord. Here's that'll make him civil enough. [*Shows a number of sovereigns in his hand.*]

May Oh, what a lot of money!

Brier Brass for a twenty pound note I got it changed at t' cigar shop down t' road. He's a good'un is Downy—lends me whatever ' want. Here yo' landlord, Hoy!

Enter MALTY, L. U. E.

Mal. Coming! Coming! [*Recognising BRIER*] Oh it's you.

Brier [*Flunging a half sovereign to MALTY*] There; seven and six u for t' wife and t' other half crown's for t' thrashin' I owe you. [Down B
Approaches him threateningly]

Mal [*Pocketing the money and retreating*] Take care—I'll teach you to assault a respectable licensed victualler, [*To MAY, who tries to calm BRIERLY*] and you too, you tramp, I'll have you locked up for annoying my customers. How do I know my spoons are safe?

Bri Thou cur! [*He breaks away from MALTBY, who escapes L. U. R., crying "Police!"*]

May I cannot bear you should trouble for me, indeed, sir.

[*Concealing her tears.*]

Bri [*R.*] Nay, never heed that muck-worm. Come, dry thine eyes. Thou's too soft for this life o' thine.

May [*Apologetically.*] It's the fever, I think, sir—I usen't to mind unkind looks and words much once.

Bri Here, take this, [*puts money into her hand*] and stay the quiet at home till thou'st i' fettle again.

May Two sovereigns! oh, sir!

[*Cries.*]

Bri Nay, thou'lt make better use o' t' brass than me—What, cryin' again! come, come, never heed that old brute, hard words brak no bones, yo know.

May It's not *his* hard words I'm crying for now, sir.

Bri What then?

May Your kind ones—they're harder to bear—they sound so strange to me.

Bri Poor thing! heaven help thee—thou mindest me of a sister I lost, she'd eyes like thine, and hair, and much t' same voice, nobbut she favert redder i' t' face, and spoke broader. I'd be glad whiles to have a nice gradely lass like you to talk to.

May But where I live, sir, it's a very poor place, and I'm by myself, and —

Bri [*Hesitates.*] No, no—you're right—I couldn't come there, but I'm loth to lose sight of yo too.

Enter DALTON hastily, from C. down R.

Dal Brierly!

Bri Here's t' change—I've borrowed five o' the twenty.

Dal All right, now let's be off—I've a cab outside.

Bri [*To MAY.*] Mind, if you want a friend, write to Bob Brierly at the Lancashire Arms, Air street, yo'll not forget.

May Never—I'll set it down [*aside*] in my heart!

Dal Come!

Bri And yo, tell me yo'r name—will yo?

May May Edwards.

Dal Confound your billing and cooing—come!

As BRIERLY follows DALTON, C., HAWKSHAW and two of the DETECTIVES appear, L.

Haw You're wanted.

Dal [*Aside.*] The crushers! Run, Bob!

Music—DALTON attempts to escape—DETECTIVES detain BRIERLY—HAWKSHAW seizes DALTON—*v* the scuffle, DALTON's hat and wig are knocked off.

Haw I know you. James Dalton!

Dal [*Starting.*] Ah!

Haw Remember the Peckham job.

Dal The Nailer! Hit out, Bob!

BRIERLY has been wrestling with the two DETECTIVES as DALTON speaks and knocks one down.

Bri I nave. Some o' them garottin' chaps!

May [*Cries.*] Help! help!

[*Wringing her hands.*]

A fierce struggle—DALTON escapes from HAWKSHAW and throws him, he draws a pistol, DALTON strikes him down with a life-preserver and makes his escape through the trees—BRIERLY is overpowered and handcuffed—GUESTS rush in and form Tableau.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Room occupied by MAY EDWARDS in MRS. WILLOUGHBY'S House, humbly but neatly furnished; flowers in the window, R. flat; a work-table; stool; door communicating with her bedroom, R.; door leading to the staircase, L.; guitar hanging against wall; needlework on the table.

MAY discovered with a birdcage on the table, arranging a piece of sugar and groundsel between the bars; sofa, R.; chiffonier, L.; American clock, &c.

May There, Goldie, I must give you your breakfast, though I don't care a bit for my own. Ah! you find singing a better trade than I did you little rogue. I'm sure I shall have a letter from Robert this morning. I've all his letters here. [*Taking out a packet from her work-box*] How he has improved in his handwriting since the first. [*Opening letter*] That's more than three years back. Oh! what an old woman I'm getting! It's no use denying it, Goldie. [*To her bird*] If you'll be quiet, like a good, well-bred canary, I'll read you Robert's last letter. [*Reads*] "Portland, February 25th, 1860. My own dearest May,—[*Kissing it*] As the last year keeps slipping away, I think more and more of our happy meeting; but for your love and comfort I think I should have broken down." Goldie, do you hear that? [*She kisses the letter*] "But now we both see how things are guided for the best. But for my being sent to prison, I should have died before this, a broken-down drunkard, if not worse; and you might still have been earning hard bread as a street singer, or carried from a hospital ward to a pauper's grave." Yes, yes, [*shuddering*] that's true. "This place has made a man of me, and you have found friends and the means of earning a livelihood. I count the days till we meet. Good-bye and heaven bless you, prays your ever affectionate Robert Brierly." [*Kisses the letter frequently*] And don't I count the days too? There! [*Makes a mark in her pocket almanack*] Another gone! They seem so slow—when one looks forward

and yet they pass so quickly! [*Taking up birdcage*] Come, Goldie, will I work you must sing me a nice song for letting you hear at nice letter.

[*Hanging up birdcage—a knock at the door.*]

Enter EMILY, L.

Em [*Entering*] May I come in?

May Oh, yes, Mrs. Jones. [*Sits to work, R. C.*]

Em St. Evremond, please, Miss Edwards. Jones has changed his name. When people have come down in circumstances, the best way they can do is to keep up their names. [*Sits L. C.*] Like St. Evremond, it looks well in the bill, and sounds foreign. That's always attractive—and I dress my hair à la Française, to keep up the effect. I've brought back the shawl you were kind enough to lend me.

May I hope you got the engagement, dear?

Em [*Sighs*] No; the proprietor said my appearance was quite the thing—good stage face and figure, and all that: you know how those creatures always flatter one; but they hadn't an opening just now in the comic duet and character-dance business.

May I'm so sorry; your husband will be so disappointed,

Emily Oh! bless you, he doesn't know what I've been after. I couldn't bear to worry him, poor fellow! He's had so many troubles. I've been used to rough it—before we came into fortune.

[*Noise heard overhead L.—May starts.*]

May What noise is that? It's in your room.

Em Don't be alarmed—it's only Green; I left him to practice the clog-dance while I went out. He's so clumsy. He often comes down like that in the double shuffles. But he gets on very nicely in the comic duets.

May It's very fortunate he's so willing to turn his hand to anything.

Em Yes, he's willing enough to turn his hand, only he is so slow in turning his legs. Ah, my dear, you're very lucky only having yourself to keep.

May I find it hard enough to work sometimes. But after the life I've passed through, it seems paradise.

Em Oh! I couldn't a-bear it; such a want of excitement! And you that was brought up to a public life too. [*Rises*] Every night about six, when they begin to light up the gas, I feel so fidgetty, you can't think—I want to be off to the theatre. I couldn't live away from the float, that is, not if I had to work for my living;—of course it, was very different the three years we had our fortune.

[*Sighs and gives herself an air of martyrdom.*]

May I'm afraid Mr. Jones ran through a great deal in a very short time.

Em Well, we were both fast, dear; and to do Jones justice, I don't think he was the fastest. You see he was used to spending and I wasn't. It seemed so jolly at first to have everything one liked.

[*A knock*]

May Come in!

Enter GREEN JONES, much dilapidated; he wears a decayed dressing gown and a shocking cap, and carries a pair of clogs in his hand; he throws himself into chair, L.

May Your wife's here, Mr. Jones.

Em St. Evremond, please dear.

Green Yes, Montague St Evremond; that is to be in the *pau-lo-poster-futurum*. I thought you would be here, Milly. I saw you come in at the street door. [*May takes her work.*]

Em Oh, you were watching for me out of the window, I suppose, instead of practising your *pas*.

Green I was allowing my shins an interval of refreshment. I hope, Miss Edwards, you may never be reduced to earn a subsistence by the clog hornpipe, or if you are, that you will be allowed to practice in your stockings. The way I've barked my intractable shins!

Em Poor dear fellow! There, there! He's a good boy, and he shall have a piece of sugar, he shall. [*Kissing him.*]

Green Sugar is all very well, Emily, but I'm satisfied I shall never electrify the British public in this kind of pump. [*Showing clog.*] The truth is, Miss Edwards, I'm not meant for a star of the ballet; as Emily says, I'm too fleshy.

Em Stout was the word.

Green Oh! was it? Anyway, you meant short-winded. My vocation is in the more private walks of existence. If I'd a nice easy light porter's place, now —

Em Oh! Montague, how can you be so mean-spirited?

Green Or if there's nothing else open to us but the music halls; I always said we should do better with the performing dogs.

Em Performing dogs! Hadn't you better come to moukeys at once?

Green I've a turn for puppies. I'm at home with them. It's the thing I've been always used to, since I was at college. But we're interrupting Miss Edwards. Come along, Emily: if you're at liberty to give your Montague a lesson in the poetry of motion under difficulties. [*Showing the clog.*] But, oh, remember your Montague has shins, and be as sparing as possible of the double shuffles.

[*Rises, leaving his clogs.*]

Em You poor dear soft-headed—soft-hearted—soft-shinned creature! What would you do without me? [*Comes back.*] Oh, what a rascal it is, he has forgotten his dancing pumps, and I'm sure they're big enough. [*Exit EMILY and GREEN JONES, L. door.*]

May [*Folding up her shawl.*] How times are changed since she made him give me half-a-crown that dreadful night, when Robert—[*sits*—] I can't bear to think of it, though all has turned out so well.

Enter MRS. WILLOUGHBY, L.

Ah, Mrs. Willoughby, I was expecting a visit from you. I've the week's rent all ready. [*Gives her a folded parcel from small box on table.*]

Mrs W Which ready you always was, to the minut, that I will say may tear. You'll excuse me if I take a chair, [*sits, L.*] these stairs is

trying to an elderly woman—not that I am so old as many that looks younger, which when I'd my front tittivated only last week, Mr. Miggles, that's the hair dresser at 22, he says to me, "Mrs Willoughby," he says, "forty is what I'd give you with that front." he says. "No, Mr. Miggles," I says, "forty it was once, but will never be again, which trouble is a sharp thorn, and losses is more than time, and a shortness of breath along of a shock three years was last July," "No, Mr. Miggles," I says "fronts can't undo the work of years," I says, "nor yet wigs, Mr. Miggles—which skin-wartings equal to years, I never did see, and that's the truth."

[Pauses for breath.]

May At all events, Mrs. Willoughby, your looking very, very well this morning.

Mrs W Ah, my dear, you are very good to say so, which, if it wasn't for rheumatics and the rates, one a top of another, and them dustmen, which their carts is a mockery, unless you stand bear, and that boy, Sam, though which is the worst, I'm sure is hard to say, only a grandmother's feelings is not to be told, which opodeloc can't be rubbed into the 'cart, as I said to Mrs. Molloy—her that has my first floor front—which she says to me, "Mrs Willoughby," says she, "nine oils is the thing," she says, "rubbed in warm," says she. "Which it's all very well, Mrs. Molloy," says I, "but how is a lone woman to rub it in the nape of the neck and the small of the back; and Sam that giddy, and distressing me to that degree. No, Mrs. Molloy," I says, "what's sent us we must bear it, and parties that's reduced to let lodgings, can't afford easy chairs," which well I know it, and the truth it is—and me with two beauties in chintz in the front parlor, which I got a bargain at the brokers when the parties was sold up at 24, and no more time to sit down in 'em than if I was a cherubin.

May I'm sure you ought to have one, so hard as you've worked all your life, and when Sam gets a situation—

Mrs W Sam, ah, that boy—I came here about him; hasn't he been here this morning?

May No not yet. I was expecting him—he promised to carry some things home for me.

Mrs W Ah, Miss Edwards, if you would only talk to him; he don't mind anything I sav, no more than if it was a flat-iron, which what that boy have cost me in distress of mind, and clothes, and caps, and breakages, never can be known—and his poor mother which was the only one I brought up and had five, she says to me, "Mother," she says, "he's a big child," she says, "and he's a beautiful child, but he have a temper of his own;" which, "Mary," I says—she was called Mary, like you, my dear, after her aunt, from which we had expectations, but which was left to the Blind Asylum, and the Fishmongers' Alms Houses, and very like you she was, only she had light hair and blue eyes—"Mary, my dear," I says, "I hope you'll never live to see it," and took she was at twenty-three, sudden, and that boy I've had to mend and wash and do for ever since, and hard lines it is.

May I'm sure he loves you very dearly, and has an excellent heart.

Mrs W Heart, my dear—which I wish it had been his heart I found in his right-hand pocket as I was mending his best trousers last night, which it was a short pipe, which it is nothing but the truth, and smoked to that degree as if it had been black-leaded, which many's the time when he've come in, I've said, "Sam," I've said, "I smell tobacco," I've said. "Grandmother," he'd say to me, quite grave and innocent, "p'raps it's the chimbley"—and him child of fifteen, and a short pipe in his right-hand pocket! I'm sure I could have broke my heart over it, I could; let alone the pipe—which I flung it into the fire—but a happy moment since is a thing I have not knowu. [Pauses for breath.]

May Oh! he'll get rid of all his bad habits in time. I've broken him in to carry my parcels already.

Mrs W Yes, indeed! and how you can trust him to carry parcels; but, oh! Miss Edwards, if you'd talk to him, and tell him short pipes is the thief of time, and tobacco's the root of all evil, which Jean Close he've preved it strong enough, I'm sure—and I cut it out of the *Weekly Pulpit*—and wherever that paper is now. [Rummaging in her pocket—knock at door, L.] That's at your door—which, if you're expecting a caller or a customer. [Rises.]

May No; I expect no one—unless its Sam. [Knock repeated, timidly]
[Come in. [Lays down her work.]

BRIERLY opens the door, timidly. L.

Bri [doubtfully] Miss Edwards, please?

May [R. rushing into his arms] Robert! you here!

Bri [C.] My own dear May! [Rushes over to her.]

May [R. confused] I'm so glad! But, how is it that you're—how well you look! [Fluttered.]

Mrs W [L.] Eh? well I'm sure!

May Oh! you mustn't mind, Mrs. Willoughby, it's Robert.

Mrs W Oh—Robert! I suppose by the way he's a-goin' on, Robert's your brother—leastways, if he ain't your brother—

Bri Her brother? yes, ma'am, I'm her brother! [Kisses May]

Mrs W Indeed! and if I might make hold to ask where you come from —

Bri I'm just discharged. [He pauses—MAY giving him a look.]

Mrs W. Discharged! and where from—not your situation, I'op

Bri From Her Majesty's Service, if you must know

May [Crosses to C.] I've not seen him for three years and more. I didn't expect him so soon, Mrs. Willoughby, so it was quite natural the sight of him should startle me.

Mrs W. [L.] Which well I know it—not 'avin' had brothers my self, but an uncle that ran away for a soldier, and came back on the parish with a wooden leg, and a shillin' a day pension, and always in arrears for liquor—which the way that man would drink beer!

Bri [R.] I should have written to prepare you, but I thought I might be here as soon as my letter, so I jumped into the train at Doncaster. and here I am.

May [C.] That was very thoughtless of you—no it was very thoughtful and kind of you. But I don't understand—

Bri How I come to be here before the time I told you in my letter? You see, I had full marks and nothing against me, and the regulations — [MAY Gives him a look which interrupts him.]

May [Crosses C to Mrs. WILLOUGHBY] If Sam comes shall I tell him to go down stairs to you, Mrs. Willoughby?

Mrs W. I shall be much obliged to you, my dear—which I know when brothers and sisters meet they'll have a great deal to talk over and two's company and three's none, is well beknewn—and I never was one to stand listenin' when other folks is talkin'—and one thing may say, as I told Mrs. Molloy only last week, when the first floor had a little tiff with the second pair front about the water—"Mrs Molly," I says, "nobody ever heard me put in my oar when I wasn't asked," I says, "and idle chatterin, and gossip," I says, is a thing that I never was given to, and I ain't a goin to begin now." I says, which good mornin' to you, young man, and a better girl, and a nicer girl, and a harder working' girl than your sister, I'ope and trust may never darken my doors. [BRIERLY throws open door] which her rent was ever ready to the day. No, my dear, it's the truth, and you needn't blush. [During this last speech BRIERLY gets round to L. and urges her towards door, L.] Thank you, [going to door, L.] I can open the door for myself, young man, [Turns to him] And a very nice looking head you have on your shoulders, though you have had your hair cut uncommon short, which I must say—good mornin', my dear, and anything I can do for you. [Exit, L., but heard still talking till the door below is heard to shut loudly] I'm sure, which nobody can say but I was always ready to oblige, if reduced to let lodgings owing to a sudden shock.

Bri [L.] Phew! [Giving a sigh of relief] One would think she'd been on the silent system for a twelvemonth! Now, we're alone at last, May. Let me have a good look at you. I gave you a bit of a squeeze, but I hadn't a good look. [He takes her by the hand.]

May [R.] Well —

Bri Prettier than ever—you couldn't look better or kinder.

May Now sit down, and don't talk nonsense.

Bri Sit down! not I—I've had a good look at you—and I must have a good look at the place. How snug it is! as neat as the cell I've just left. But it wasn't hard to keep that in order—I had only a stool, a basin, and a hammock. Didn't I polish the hammock-hooks neither. One must have a pride in something—you know.—But here you've no end of things—a sofa—and a carpet—and chair—and— [Going round as he speaks.]

May Isn't it a nice clock, Robert? and look at the cheffonier! picked that up a bargain—and all out of my own earnings!

Bri It's the cosiest little nest for my bird—you were a singing bird once, you know. [Sees the guitar] And there's the old bread-winner—-I'm glad you've not parted with that.

May I should be the most ungrateful creature if I did! How many a dinner it's earned for me!—how many a week's rent it's

paid! But for it I never should have known you—my friend—my brother. Yes, Robert, I wanted to explain to Mrs. Willoughby when she called you my brother.

Bri So did I. But I felt it was true— [*Sits, R. C.*] If I'm not your brother born and bred, May, you've been a true sister to me—ever since that night—

May [*R.*] Oh, Robert— a kind word was never lost yet No wonder I clung to you—

Bri Aye, when all stood aloof. In the prison—in the dock—in the van door. But for you, May, I should have been a desperate man. I might have become all they thought me—a felon, in the company of felons.

May Oh, do not look back to that misery—but tell me how you are out so long before your time?

Bri Here's my ticket-of-leave—they've given me every week of my nine months—they hadn't a mark against me—I didn't want to look forward to my discharge—I was afraid to—I worked away; in school, in the quarry-gang first, and in the office afterwards, as if I had to stay there for ever—I wasn't unhappy either—all were good to me. And then I had your letters to comfort me. But when I was sent for to the Governor's room yesterday, and told I was a free man, everything swam round and round—I staggered—they had to give me water, or I think I should have fainted like a girl.

May Ah, as I felt that night when you gave me the wine.

Bri Poor dear, I remember it, as if it was yesterday. But when I passed out at the gate, not for gang labor, in my prison dress, with my prison mates, under the warder's eye, and the sentry's musket, as I had done so many a weary week—but in my own clothes—unwatched—a free man—free to go where I liked—to do what I liked—speak to whom I liked, [*rises,*] I thought I should have gone crazy—I danced, I sang, I kicked up the pebbles of the Chizzle beach—the boatmen laid hands on me for an escaped lunatic, till I told 'em I was a discharged prisoner, and then they let me pass—but they drew back from me; there was the convict's 'taint about me—you can't fling that off with the convict's jacket.

May But here, no one knows you—you'll get a fresh start now.

Bri I hope so, but it's awfully up hill work, May; I've heard enough down yonder of all that stands between a poor fellow who has been in trouble, and an honest life. But just let me get a chance.

May Oh—if only Mr Gibson would give you one.

Bri Who's he?

May The husband of the lady who was my first and best friend [*BRIERLY looks uneasy*] After you, of course, you jealous thing! It was she gave me work—recommended me to her friends—and now 've quite a nice little business. I pay my way—I'm as happy as the day is long—and I'm thinking of taking an apprentice.

Bri [*R. C.*] How I wish I was a lass.

[*Taking her hand*

May [*R.*] I think I see those great clumsy hands spoiling my work!

Bri You don't want a light porter—eh, May?

May No—I've not quite business enough for that yet. If Mr. Gibson would only give you employment He's something in the city.

Bri No chance of that, May. I must begin lower down, and when I've got a character, then I may reach a step higher, and so creep back little by little to the level of honest men. [*Gloomily*] There's no help for it

May [*Putting her hands upon his shoulder*] At all events you can wait and look about you a little—you've money coming in, you know.

Bri Me, May?

May Yes. You forget those two sovereigns you lent me—I've put away a shilling every week out of my savings—and then there's the interest, you know—ever so much. It's all here. [*Goes to table and coming down on his L., puts a savings-box into his hand*] You needn't count it. There'd have been more if you hadn't come so soon.

Bri My good, kind May, do you think I'd touch a farthing of your savings?

May Oh, do take it, Robert, or I shall be so unhappy—I've had more pleasure out of that money than any I ever earned, because I thought it would go to help you.

Bri Bless your kind heart! To think of those little fingers working for me—a lusty, big-boned chap like me! Why, May, lass—I've a matter of twenty pounds in brass of my own earnings at Pentonville and Portland—overtime and allowances. The Governor paid it over to me, like a man, before I started yesterday—aye, and shook hands with me. God bless him for that.

May Twenty pounds! Oh, how small my poor little earnings will look! I was so proud of them, too. [*Ruefully.*]

Bri Well, keep 'em May—keep 'em to buy your wedding-gown. [*Takes her in his arms and kisses her.*]

Enter SAM, L.—he gives a significant cough.

May Oh! [*Startled*] Sam!

Bri [*Hastily*] Sam! is it! Confound him? I'll teach him.

[*Crosses to L. c., sees it is a boy and pauses.*]

Sam [*L*] Now will you, though? Granny will be uncommon obliged to you. She says I wan't teaching—don't she? [*To MAY.*]

May [*R*] How dare you come in like that, Sam, without so much as knocking?

Sam How was I to know you had company? Of course I'd knock—
if I'd been aware you'd your young man.

Bri [*c*] I tell you what, young un, if you don't make yourself scarce—

Sam Well, what? [*Retreating*] If I don't make myself scarce, you'll pitch into me. Just you try it [*Squaring*] Lanky?—Yah! Hit one of your own size—do [*Squaring.*]

Bri Go it, Master Sam! Ha, ha, ha!

Sam My name's not Sam. It's Samivel Willoughby, Esquire most respectable references given and required, [*Pulls collar up*] as Granny says when she advertises the first floor.

Bro Now be off, like a good little chap.

Sam Come, cheeky! Don't you use bad language. I'm rising fifteen, stand five feet five in my bluchers, and I'm sprouting agin' the summer, if I ain't six foot of greens like you.

May [*Crosses to c.*] Hold your tongue! you're a naughty, impudent little boy.

Sam Come—I'm bigger than you are, I'll bet a bob.

[*Stands on his toes.*]

Enter MRS. WILLOUGHBY, L.

Mrs W Oh, here's that boy at last! which upstairs and downstairs, and all along the street, have I been a seekin' of him, [*Throws him over to L.*] which if you'd believe me, Miss Edwards, I left a fourpenny-bit in the chany dog-kennel on the mantelpiece down stairs only yesterday mornin' as ever was, which if ever there was a real bit of Dresden, and cost me fourteen-and-six at Hanway Yard in 'appier days, with a black and white spaniel in a wreath of roses and a Shepherdess to match, and the trouble I've 'ad to keep that boys 'ands off it since he was in long clothes—where's that fourpenny-piece— [*Seizes him*] you young villain—which you know you took it.

Sam [*L*] Well, then, I did—to buy bird's-eye with.

Mrs W [*L c*] Bird's-eye! and him not fifteen—and the only one left of three.

[*Falls in chair, L c.*]

Sam If you will nobble a fellow's hacca, you must take the consequences; and just you mind—it ain't no use a tryin' it on breaking my pipes, Granny. I've given up Broselys and started a briar root. [*Pulls it out*] It's a stunner.

Mrs W O dear, oh dear! if it ain't enough to melt an 'eart o' stone—no, fronts I may wear to 'ide my suffering, but my grey 'airs that boy have determined to bring with sorrow to the grave.

Sam What? Cos I smoke? Why there's Jem Miggles smokes, and he's a year younger than me, and he's allowed all the lux'ries of the season—his father is going to take him to see the badger drawn at Jemmy Shaw's one of these days—and his mother don't go into hysterics.

May Sam, I'm surprised you should take pleasure in making your grandmother unhappy!

Sam I don't take pleasure—she won't let me; she's always a knaggin' and aggravatin' me. Here, dry your eyes, granny— [*Goes to her*] —and I'll be a good boy, and I won't go after the rats, and I won't aggravate old Miggles's bullfinches.

Mrs W And you'll give up that nasty tobacco, and you'll keep our clothes tidy, and not get sliddin' down ladders in your Sunday rowers—which moleskins won't stand, let alone mixed woolens

Sam Best put me in charity leathers at once, with a muffin cap and hadge, wouldn't I look stunnin'? Oh, my!

[*Goes L.*]

Mrs W There, that's just him—always some of his impudent audacious chaff—I know he gets it from that young Miggles—ready to stop his poor granuv's mouth with.

Sam No. [*Kisses her.*] That's the only way to stop it. Come, I'm goin' to take myself up short, like a jibbin cab hoss! and be a real swell, graunny, in white kids! only I'm a waiting till I come into my fortune—you know, that twenty pounds you was robbed of, three years ago.

Mrs W Which robbery is too good a word for it. It was forgery, aye, and a'most as good as murder—which it might ha' been my death! Yes, my dears, as nice-looking, civil-spoken a young man as you would wish to see—in a white 'at, which I never can forget, and a broad way of speaking—and, "Would you change me a twenty pound note, ma'am," he says; "And it aint very often," I says, "you could have come into this shop"—which I was in the cigar and periodical line at the time.

Bri [R. o.] Where was your shop?

Mrs W In the Fulham Road, three doors outside the Bell-vue Gardens—"And a note is all the same to me," I sez—"if all correct," I sez—and when I looked in that young man's face, I had no more suspicion than I should of either of yours, my dears; so he gave me the note, and he took the sovereigns. And the next thing I saw was a gent, which his name he told me was Hawkshaw, and he were in the police, on'y in plain clothes, and asked to look at the note, and told me it was a bad un; and if that man left me on the sofa, in the back shop, or behind the counter, with my feet in a jar of brown rappee, and my head among the ginger beer bottles, is more than I can tell—for fits it was for days and days, and when I worked out of 'em, then I was short of my rent, and the stock sold up, and me ruined.

[*BRIERLY shows signs of agitation while she is speaking*]

Bri And you never recovered your money?

Mrs W Not a penny, my dear, and if it hadn't been for a kind friend that set me up in my own furniture, in the Fulham Workhouse, I might have been at this moment, leastways St. George's, which that's my legal settlement—and that blessed boy—

[*Goes L., she cries*]

Sam [*Gaily*] In a suit of grey dittoes, a stepping out with another chap, a big 'un and a little 'un together, like a job lot at an auction, to church of a Sunday, to such a jolly long sermon! shouldn't I like it! [*Consolingly, and changing his tone*] I say, don't cry, granny, we aint come to skilly yet.

[*Gets to o.*]

Mrs W Which if that young man knew the mischief he'd done.

May [L] Perhaps he does, and is sorry for it.

[*They rise—he goes to back*]

Mrs W [*Crosses to R. with SAM*] Not he, the wretch! What do the kes o' them care for the poor creatures they robs—haugin's too good for 'em, the villains.

Bri [*Crosses at back to L.—taking his hat, and going*] Good bye, May

May You're not going?

Bri I've a little bit of business that can't wait—some money to pay.

May You'll not be long?

Bri No; I'll be back directly [*Aside*] Thank heaven, I can make it up to her!

[*Exit BRIERLY, L door*]

May [*Aside*] Poor fellow! he can't bear it she little thinks —

Mrs W You'll excuse me, it's not often I talk about it, Miss Edwards, which it's no use a cryin' over spilt milk, and there's them as tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—and if it wasn't for the boy —

Sam [*R*] There, she's at me again.

Mrs W Which if I'd only the means to put him to school, and out of the streets, and clear of that Jim Miggles and them rats —

Sam [*R, half crying*] Bother the rats!

May [*Crosses to SAM*] You see, Sam, how unhappy you make your grandmother.

Sam And don't you see how unhappy she makes me, talkin' of sendin' me to school!

May [*Forcing him to MRS. WILLOUGHBY*] Come kiss her, and promise to be a good boy. Ah, Sam, you don't understand the blessing of having one who loves you as she does.

Sam Then, what does she break my pipes for?

Mrs W Oh, them pipes!

[*A knock.*]

May More visitors! What a busy morning this is? Come in!

Enter MR. GIBSON, L.

Mr G. Miss Edwards—eh?

May Yes, sir.

Mr G. Glad I'm right—I thought it was the third floor front—a woman told me downstairs. I'm afraid I pulled the wrong bell.

Looks about him, takes off his hat, gloves, &c.—MAY sets him a chair, L. C., he sits.

Mrs W. And a nice way Mrs. Molloy would be in if you brought her down to another party's bell, which, asking your pardon, sir, but was it the first floor as opened the street door?

Mr G. I don't know. It was a lady in a very broad cap border and still broader brogue.

Mrs W. Which that is the party, sir, as I was a speakin' of; and I do'ope she didn't fly out, sir, which Mrs Molloy of a morning—after her tea—she says it's the tea—is that rampageous —

Mr Gib. No, no; she was civil enough when I said I wanted Miss Edwards.

Mrs W. Which I do believe, my dear, you've bewitched every soul in the 'ouse, from the kitchens to the attics.

Mr Gib. Miss Edwards don't confine her witchcraft to you lodgers, my good lady. She's bewitched my wife, My name's Gibson.

May Oh, sir; I've never been able to say what I felt to your good kind lady; but I hope you will tell her I am grateful.

Mr Gib. She knows it by the return you have made. You've showed you deserved her kindness. For fifty people ready to help

there's not one worth helping—that's my conclusion. I was telling my wife so this morning, and she insisted that I should come and satisfy myself that she had helped one person at any rate who was able and willing to help herself, [*Looks at her*] and a very tidy, nice looking girl you are, [*Goes up round table and comes down*] and a very neat, comfortable room you have, I must say.

Mrs W. [R.] Which you can tell your good lady, sir, from me Miss Edwards' rent were always ready to the days and minits—as was telling her brother just now.

Mr Gib. [R c.] Brother? My wife said you were alone in the world, May I was alone, sir, when she found me. He was [*She hesitates*] away.

Mr Gib. [*Pointing to SAM, who has put down a chair and is balancing himself acrobatically*] Is this the young gentleman? [*SAM pitches over with chair, and MRS. WILLOUGHBY lugs him up*]

Mrs W. Oh, dear no, sir, begging your pardon, which that is my grandson, Samuel Willoughby, the only one of three and will be fifteen the twenty-first of next April at eight o'clock in the morning, and a growing boy—which take your cap out of your mouth, Samuel, and stand straight, and let the gentleman see you.

[MR. GIBSON, *sits L. of table*

Sam [*Sulkily*] The old gent can see well enough—it don't want a telescope. [*Sinks across at back to L., I ain't a-going to be inspected. I'll mizzle.*] [*Takes flying leap over chair.*]

Exit SAM, L.

Mrs W. [R.] Which Miss Edwards' brother is grown up, and only come back this blessed mornin' as ever was, discharged from Her Majesty's Service, and five foot nine in his shoes, by the name o' Robert—which well he may for a sweeter complexion—

Mr G. With a good character, I hope.

May Oh, yes! [*Eagerly*] the very best, sir.

Re-enter BRIERLY, L.

Bri [*Aside*] I've done it! I can face her now.

Mr G. So—[*Rises*] I suppose this is Robert, a likely young fellow

May [L. c.] This is Mr. Gibson, Robert, the husband of the lady who was so good to me

Bri [c.] Heaven bless her and you too, sir, for your kindness to this poor girl, while I was unable to help her.

Mr G. But now you've got your discharge, she'll have a protector

Bri I hope so sir—as long as I live, and can earn a crust—I suppose I shall be able to do that.

Mr G. What do you mean to do?

Bri Ah, there it is; I wish I knew what I could get to do, sir there are not many things in the way of work that would frighter me, I think.

Mr G. That's the spirit I like—your sister speaks well of you, but I shouldn't mind that. It's enough for me that you've come out of [BRIERLY looks startled] Her Majesty's Service with a good character. [BRIERLY gives a sigh of relief] You write a good hand?

MAY goes up and round table—gets letters from box—comes down L. c

Bri Tolerably good, sir

May Beautiful sir : here are some of his letters. look, sir. [*Gets to show him, but pauses, seeing date of letter*] Portland! not this, sir [*Turns page*] This side is better written.

Mr G A capital hand. Can you keep accounts?

Bri Yes, sir, I helped to keep the books—yonder.

Re-enter SAM, L. door, comes over rapidly at back, to MRS. WILLOUGHBY.

Sam Holloa, granny, here's a parcel I found for you in the letter-box, ain't it heavy, neither.

Mrs W [R] For me! [*Takes it*] Whatever is it! Eh! money. Oh! Sam, you han't been gone and done anything wrong!

Sam [R c] Bother! Do you think if I had I'd a come to you with the swag?

Mrs W [*Who has opened the packet, screams, and lets a paper fall from the packet.*]

May What's the matter, Mrs. Willoughby?

Mrs. W Sovereigns! real golden sovereigns!

May

Mr G } Sovereigns!

Sam Oh, crikey!

[*Gets up and down in exultation, R.*]

May [*picks up the paper MRS. WILLOUGHBY has let fall*] Here's a note—"For Mrs. Willoughby—£20 in payment of an old debt."

Mr G [*Who has seated himself and begun to write, rises and comes down*] Yes, and no signature, Come, don't faint old lady! Here, give her a glass of water. [*To MAY.*]

Mrs W [*Recovering*] Sovereigns! for me? Oh, sir, let me look at 'em—the beauties—eight, nine, ten, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, twenty! Just the money I lost.

Sam There, Granny—I always said we was comin' into our fortune.

Mrs W [*With a sudden flash of doubt*] I shouldn't wonder if it was some nasty ring dropper. Oh! are they Bank of Elegance, or only gilt washed? Which I've seen 'em at London Bridge a sellin' sovereigns at a penny a-piece,

Mr G [R c] Oh, no! they're the real thing.

Bri [L] Perhaps it's somebody that's wronged you of the money and wants you to clear his conscience.

Mr G [c] Ah! eccentric people will do that sort of thing—eve with income tax. Take my advice, old lady, keep the cash

Mrs W [R] Which in course a gentleman like you knows best, and I'm sure whoever sent the money, all I wish is, much good may it do him, and may he never know the want of it.

Bri Amen!

Mrs W Which, first and foremost—there's my silver teapot, I'll have out of pawn this blessed day, and I'll ask Mrs. Molloy to a cup of tea in my best blue chaney, and then this blessed boy shall have a year of finishin' school.

Sam I wish the party had kept his money, I do! [*MRS. WILLOUGHBY is counting the sovereigns over and over*] I say, Granny, you couldn't spare a young chap a couple of them, could you?

Mrs W Drat the boy's impudence! Him askin' for sovereigns as natural— Ah! they'll all be for you, Sam, one of these days.

Sam I should like a little in advance.

SAM makes a grab at the sovereigns playfully, and runs at back to L., followed by *MRS. WILLOUGHBY*, whom he dodges behind a chair—*MR. GIBSON* writes at table.

Mrs W [Half hysterically, throwing herself into a chair] Oh! Sam hich that boy will be the death of his poor grandmother, he will.

SAM [Jumping over chair-back, on which he perches on, gives back money and kisses her] There, granny, it was only a lark.

Mrs W [Admiringly and affectionately] Oh, what a boy you are.

[Exit *MRS WILLOUGHBY* and *SAM*, L door]

Mr G [Gives note to *BRIERLY*] Here, young man, bring this note to my office, 25 St. Nicholas lane, at ten o'clock to-morrow. I've discharged my messenger—we'll see if you are fit for the place.

Bri Oh, sir!

Mr G There—there—don't thank me. [Crosses to L] I like gratitude that shows itself in acts like yours to my wife. Let's hope your brother will repay me in the same coin. [Exit R door]

May Robert, the money has brought us a blessing already.

[He takes her in his arms exultingly—music, piano]

ACT III.

SCENE.—*MR. GIBSON'S Bill-broking Office in Nicholas lane, City—a mahogany railing runs up the stage, separating compartment, L. (in which stand across the stage two large mahogany desks, set round with wire and a brass rail at the top to support books) from the compartment, R. at the side of which, in side flat, R. 2 E., is the door leading to MR. GIBSON'S private office—in front of the compartment, L., runs a mahogany counter, with a place for writing at, divided off, L.—a large iron safe for books in R. flat—another safe, R., near door—door communicating with passage and street, in C. flat—a small desk down stage. R. 1 E.—two windows, L.*

As the curtain rises, *SAM* is discovered carrying the ledgers out of safe, R. through an entrance in the railing to compartment, L., and arranging them on the desks—*BRIERLY* is discovered at the counter numbering cheques in a cheque-book, L.

Sam [R] There they are, all ship-shape. I say, Bob, if granny could see these big chaps, [whilst carrying ledgers] all full of £ s d., and me as much at home with them as old Miggles with his toy terriers.

Bri [L] Only the outsides, Sam—nifty—fifty-one—

Sam Everything must have a beginning. I'm only under messenger now, at six bob a week—but it's the small end of the wedge. I don't mean to stay running errands and dusting books long, I can tell you. I intend to speculate—-I'm in two tips already.

Bri Tips?

Sam Yes. [*Takes out betting book*] I stand to win a fiver on *POLLUX* for the Derby, and a good thing on the Count for the Ascot Cup—they were at *POLLUX* last week, but he's all right again, and the Count's in splendid form, and the stable uncommon sweet on him.

Bri Bring me those pens. [*As SAM comes to him with the pens he comes o o, and catches him by the collar and shakes him*] You young rascal!—Now, you mark me, Master Sam. If ever I hear of you putting into a tip again, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life, and then I'll split on you to Mr. Gibson, and he'll discharge you.

Sam Now I call that mean. One City gent interfering with another gent's amusements.

Bri [*Bitterly*] Amusements. When you've seen as much as I have, you'll know what comes of such amusements, lad.

Sam As if I didn't know well enough already. Lark, lush, and watch-key—a swell rig out, and lots of ready in the pockets—a drag at Epsom, and a champagne lunch on the hill! Oh, my—ain't it stunning!

Bri Ah! Sam, that's the fancy picture—mine is the true one. Excitement first, then idleness and drink, and then had companions—sin—shame—and a prison.

Sam Come, I don't want to be preached to in office hours—granny gives me quite enough of that at home—ain't it a bore, just!

Bri Oh, my lad, take my advice, do! Be steady—stick to work and home. It's an awful look out for a young chap adrift in this place, without them sheet anchors. [*Returns to counter, L.*]

Sam Oh I ain't afraid. I cut my eye teeth early. Tips ain't worse than time bargains—and they're business. [*Crosses at back to his L.*] But don't look glum, Bob, you're the right sort, you are, and sooner than rile you I'll cut tips, burn "Bell's Life," and take to Capel Court and the "Share List," and that's 'respectable' you know.

[*Sits on counter.*]

Bri [*Looking over cheque book*] You young rascal! you've made me misnumber my cheque.

Sam Serves you jolly well right, for coming to business on your wedding day.

Bri Oh! I've two hours good before I'm wanted for that.

Sam I say' Bob you don't mean to say you've been to the Bank for the petty cash this morning?

Bri Yes.

Sam And didn't leave the notes on the counter?

Bri No.

Sam And didn't have your pocket picked?

Bri No.

Sam Well, you are a cool hand. I've often wondered how the poor raps in Newgate managed to eat a good breakfast before they're turned off. But a fellow coming to office the morning he's going to be spliced—and when the Governor has given him a holiday too—by 'cove it beats the Old Bailey by lengths. I hope I shall be as cool when I'm married.

Bri You—you young cock-sparrow.

Sam Yes. I've ordered the young woman I want down at Birmingham. Miss Edwards ain't my style.

Bri No— isn't she though? I'm sorry it's too late to have her altered.

Sam She's too quiet—wants go. I like high action. Now I call Mrs. Jones a splendid woman. Sam Willoughby, Esquire, must have a real tip-top lady. I don't mean to marry till I can go to church with my own brougham.

Bri I surmise that means when you've set up as a crossing sweeper. And now, Sam, till your brougham comes round for you, just trot off to the stationer's and see if Mr. Gibson's new bill-case is ready.

Sam [*Vaulting over the counter, sees MAY through the glass door, L, off L*] All right. Here's Miss Edwards a coming in full tog. [*twigs*—I ain't wanted. Quite correct—Samivel is fly.

[*Puts his finger to his nose and Exit S.*]

Enter MAY, L., in wedding dress.

Bri Ah, May, darling! [*Takes her by the hand and kisses her.*

Sam [*Looking in*] I saw you! [*Exit, C. L.*]

Bri [*R*] Hang that boy! But never mind his impudence, my own little wife.

May Not yet, sir.

Bri In two hours.

May There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, you know. But as the clerks aren't come yet, I thought I might just look in and show you—

[*Displays her dress.*]

Bri Your wedding gown!

May Yes. It's Mrs. Gibson's present, with such a kind note—and she insists on providing the wedding breakfast—and she's sent in the most beautiful cake, and flowers from their own conservatory. My little room looks so pretty.

Bri It always looks pretty when thou art in it. I shall never miss the sun, even in Nicholas Lane, after we are married, darling.

May Oh! Robert, won't it be delightful? Me, housekeeper here, and your messenger, and such a favorite too! And to think we owe all, to these good kind generous— There's only one thing I can't get off my mind.

Bri What's that?

May Mr. Gibson doesn't know the truth about you. We should have told him before this.

Bri It's hard for a poor chap that's fought clear of the mud, to let go the rope he's holding to and slide back again. I'll tell him when I've been long enough here to try me, only wait a bit.

May Perhaps you are right, dear. Sometimes the thought comes like a cloud across me. But you've never said how you like my dress.

[*Displaying it.*]

Bri I couldn't see it for looking at thy bonny face—but it's a grand gown.

[*Gets round at back to L.*]

May And my own making! I forgot— Mrs Jones is come, and Mrs. Willoughby. They're going to church with us you know— Emily looks so nice— she would so like to see the office, she says, if I might bring her in!

Bri Oh, yes! the place is free to the petticoats till business hours

May [*Crosses door, L. and calls at door, L.*] Come in, Emily

Enter MRS. GREEN JONES, L.

Em Oh! Mr. Brierly.

May While Robert does the honours of the office, I'll go and help Mrs Willoughby to set out the breakfast. The white service looks so lovely, Robert, and my canary sings as I haven't heard him since left the old lodgings. He knows there's joy in the wind.

Mrs W [*Calling without, L.*] Miss Edwards!

May There! I'm wanted. I'm coming, Mrs. Willoughby. Oh dear! If I'd known the trouble it was to be married, I don't think I should have ventured. I'm coming. [*Exit L. I E.*]

Em [*Who has been looking about her*] I did so want to see an office—a real one, you know. I've seen 'em set on the stage often but they ain't a bit like the real thing.

Bri They are but dull places. Not this one, though, since May's been housekeeper.

Em Yes they are dull, but so respectable—look so like money, you know. I suppose, now, there's no end of money passes here?

Bri A hundred thousand pounds a day, sometimes.

Em Gracious goodness! All in sovereigns?

Bri Not a farthing—all in cheques and bills. We've a few thousands, that a queer old fashioned depositor insists on Mr. Gibson keeping here, but except that, and the petty cash, there's no hard money in the place.

Em Dear me! I thought you City people sat on stools all day shovelling sovereigns about. Not that I could bear to think of Jones sitting on a stool all day, even to shovel about sovereigns, though he always says something in the City would suit him better than the comic duet business. But he doesn't know what's good for him—never did poor fellow.

Bri Except when he married you.

Em Well, I don't know about that, but I suppose he would have got through the property without me—he's so much the gentleman, you know.

Bri He's coming to church with us?

Em Oh, yes! You know he's to give away the bride. But he was obliged to keep an appointment in the City first; so queer for Jones, wasn't it? He wouldn't tell me what it was.

Green [*Heard without, L. c.*] Two and six, my man. Very good wait.

Bri Here's your husband!

Em [*Looking through door, c.*] In a cab—and a new coat, and waist coat, and trousers! Oh, Jones! Well, I shan't pay for them.

Enter GREEN JONES, L. c., in a gorgeous new suit.

Green [*Speaking off*] Now, hand me out those parcels—yah, stupid, give me hold. [*Hands in parcels one by one.*] Here, bear a hand.

TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

He pitches parcels to BRIERLY, who pitches them on to MRS GREEN JONES, who deposits them on the counter, L

Em [As first bonnet box comes in] Jones! [As second bonnet box comes in] Green! [As case of Eau-de-Cologne comes in] Green Jones! [Glove box comes in] Oh! [Two bouquets in paper are given in] Gracious goodness!

Green There—all out. Let's see—bonnets, Eau-de-Cologne, gloves, bouquets—seven ten; two and six the cab—my own togs, five ten that's thirteen two and six in all.

Em Jones, are you mad?

Green Is your principal here, Brierly?

Bri The governor? No, it's not his time yet.

Green [En attendant] You couldn't advance me thirteen two six, could you?

Bri What! lend you the money? I'm afraid —

Em [Reproachfully] Oh, Jones!

Green Emily, be calm. It's not the least consequence. They can wait—the shopman, I mean—that is—the two shopmen and cabby.

Em Oh, he's gone crazy!

Green The fact is, I've had a windfall. Choker Black has turned up trumps. He was put in the hole in California's year, had to bolt to Australia—struck an awfully full pocket at the diggings, and is paying off his old ticks like an emperior. He let me in for two thousand, and he has sent me bills for five hundred, as a first instalment.

Em Five hundred! And you've got the money?

Green I've got the bills on his agent. Here they are. Emily, embrace your husband! [He kisses her.]

Bri [R.] I wish you joy—both of you. Mr. Gibson will discount the bills for you as soon as he comes in.

Green [G.] But, I say, cash, you know, no curious sherry—no old masters, or patent filters—I've had rather too much of that sort of thing in my time.

Em [L. who has been peeping into bonnet box] What a duck of a bonnet!

Bri No, you're not among your old sixty per cent. friends here — We only do good bills at the market rate.

Em [Who has opened glove box] And what loves of gloves!

Green That's your sort. I feel now the full value of the commercial principle.

Em Oh, Green! But you'll be careful of the money?

Green Careful! I'm an altered man. Henceforth I swear—you'll allow me to register a vow in your office?—to devote myself to the virtuous pursuit of money-making. I'm worth five hundred pounds, I've fifteen hundred more coming in. Not one farthing of the money shall go in foolish extravagance.

Em But how about these things, Jones?

Green Trifles: a cadeau de noce for the ladies, and a case of Eau-de-Cologne for myself. I've been running to seed so long, and want watering so much [Sprinkles himself with Eau-de-Cologne.]

Em Oh dear, Green. I'm afraid you're as great a fool as ever

Bri Nay, nay. Mrs. Jones—no man's a fool with £500 in his pocket. But here come the clerks;—band boxes and bouquets ain't business like. You must carry these down to May.

Green [*Loading EMILY with the parcels*] Beg her acceptance of a bonnet, a bouquet, and a box of Piver's seven and a quarter's;—and accept the same yourself, from yours ever affectionately, G. J.

[*Tries to kiss her over the parcels but cannot.*]

Em [*From over the parcels*] Oh, go along with your nonsense! I'll give you one down stairs. [*Exit L. 1 a.*]

Enter MR. BURTON and MR. SHARPE, clerks, L. 0

Sharpe Good morning. Governor come yet?

Bri Not yet, Mr. Sharpe; it's getting near his time, though.

[*CLERKS hang up their hats, coats, &c., and seat themselves at desks, L.*]

Sharpe [*To MR. GREEN JONES*] Can we do anything for you, sir?

Bri [*indicating GREEN JONES*] This gentleman's waiting to see Mr. Gibson. Here he is

Enter MR. GIBSON, L. C.

Mr G [*Rubbing his feet on the mat*] Good morning, morning, Mr. Sharpe—good morning, Burton. Well, Robert—didn't expect to find you at the office this morning.

Bri Here's a gentleman waiting for you, sir, on business.

Mr G If you'll walk into my room, sir?

[*Exit GREEN JONES into MR. GIBSON'S room, R. 2 a.*]

Bri [*R*] I thought I might as well number the cheques, sir, and go for the petty cash. Somehow, I felt I shouldn't like anything to go wrong to-day.

Mr G [*c*] Well, that's a very proper feeling. I hope May likes my wife's present. She is a first-rate housekeeper; though she *did* call you her brother, the little rogue—and I've every reason to be satisfied with you.

Bri I'm right proud of that, sir.

Mr G You won't mind my giving you a word of advice on your wedding-day? Go on as you've begun—keep a bright eye and an enquiring tongue in your head—learn how business is done—watch the market—and from what I've seen of you the six months you've been here, I shouldn't wonder if I found a better berth than messenger for you one of these days.

Bri Mr. Gibson—sir—I can't thank you—but a look out like that—it takes a man's breath away.

Mr G In the City there's no gap between the first round of the ladder and the top of the tree. But that gentleman's waiting [*Pauses—goes to door, R.*] By-the-way! I expect a call from a Mr. Hawkshaw.

Bri [*Starting*] Hawkshaw!

Mr G Yes, the famous detective. Shew him in when he comes. I've a particular appointment with him.

[*Exit MR. GIBSON into his own room, R.*]

Bri Hawkshaw coming here! The principal witness against

my trial. Perhaps he won't know me—I'm much changed. But they say, at Portland, he never forgets a face. If he knows me, and tells Mr. Gibson, he'll discharge me—and, to day, just when we looked to be so happy! It would break May's heart. But why should I stay? I'm free for the day—I will not wait to meet my win.

[Going up, c.]

Enter HAWKSHAW, L. C.

Hawk [R. C.] Mr. Gibson within?

Bri [L. C.] Yes, sir, but he has a gentleman with him.

Hawk Take in my name.

[Writes on a card with pencil and gives it to BRIERLY.]

Bri [Takes card and crossing to R. sees name on it—aside] Hawkshaw! It is too late! Would you like to look at the paper, sir?

[Offers him one from desk.]

Hawk [As he takes it, gives a keen look of recognition at BRIERLY, who wrinkles under his eye, but represses his agitation by an effort] I've seen you before, I think?

Bri I don't recollect you, sir.

Hawk [Carelessly] Perhaps I'm wrong—though I've a good memory for faces. Take in my card. [BRIERLY goes off, R. with card. sits, L.] It's Dalton's pal—the youngster who got four years for passing forged Bank of England paper, at the Bellvue Tea Gardens. I owe Master Dalton one for that night. Back from Portland, eh! Looks all the better for his schooling. But Portland's an odd shop to take an office messenger from. I wonder if his employer got his character from his last place.

Re-enter BRIERLY, R.

Bri Mr. Gibson will see you in a moment, sir.

Haw Very well.

[Gives him a look.]

Re-enter GREEN JONES from MR. GIBSON'S room, R., with check.

Green. [to BRI.] All right! Market rate—and no old masters. I'll drive to the bank—cash this—settle with those counter-skippers, and rattle back in time to see you turned off. I say—you must allow me to order a little dinner at the "Star and Garter," and drive you down—all right you know. Mail phaeton and pair—your wife and my wife. I want to show you the style G. J. used to do it in [Goes up.] Now, cabby, pull round—[speaking loudly]—London Joint Stock Bank—best pace.

[Exit GREEN JONES, L. C.]

Bri [Aside] He little thinks what may be hanging over me.

Mr G [Appearing at the door of his room, R.] Now, Mr. Hawkshaw I'm at your service.

Haw [Crosses to R., then returning BRI. the paper] Cool case of note passing that at Bow street, yesterday. [BRI winces—aside] It's my man, sure enough.

[Exit into GIBSON'S room, R.]

Bri He knows me—I can read it in his face—his voice. He'll tell Mr. Gibson? Perhaps he's telling him now!—I wish I'd spoken to him—but they have have no mercy. Oh, if I'd only made a clean breast of it to Mr. Gibson before this!

Enter GIBSON and HAWKSHAW from GIBSON'S room, B.

Mr G [*To first clerk*] Mr. Sharpe, will you go round to the banks and see what's doing? [*SHARPE takes his hat and exits L. C.*] Mr. Burton, you'll be just in time for morning's clearance.

Burton [*Getting his hat—aside*] By Jove! the governor wants to make a morning's clearance of us, I think. I'm half an hour too soon for the Clearing House. Time for a tip-top game at billiards.

[*Exit, L. C.*]

Mr G Robert!

[*Writing at desk, B.*]

Bri Yes, sir.

Mr G Before you leave, just step round into Glynn's and get me cash for this. You'll have time enough before you're wanted downstairs, you rascal!

Bri [*Aside*] He knows nothing. [*Aloud*] I'll be back in five minutes, sir.

As GIBSON is about giving him the cheque, HAWKSHAW, who is standing between GIBSON and BRIERLY, interposes, and takes cheque carelessly.

Hawk. [*R C*] Your messenger, eh?

Mr G [*R*] Yes.

Hawk Had him long?

Mr G Six months.

Hawk Good character?

Mr G Never had a steadier, soberer, better-behaved lad in the office.

Hawk Had you references with him?

Mr G Why, I think I took him mainly on the strength of his own good looks and his sweetheart's. An honest face is the best testimonial after all.

Hawk H'm—neither is always to be relied on.

Mr G You detectives would suspect your own fathers. Why, how you look at the lad. Come, you've never had *him* through your hands.

Hawk [*R C*] No, he's quite a stranger to me. [*Turns away*] Here's the cheque, young man. Take care you make no mistake about it.

Bri [*Aside, going, C*] Saved! saved! Heaven bless him for those words.

[*Exit, L C*]

Hawk [*Aside*] Poor devil, he's paid his debt at Portland. [*Aloud*] Now to business. You say a bill drawn by Vanzeller & Co., of Penang, on the London Joint-Stock Bank, was presented for discount here, last night, which you know to be a forgery?

Mr G Yes. As it was after hours the clerk told the presenter to call this morning.

Hawk Bill-forging is tip top work. The man who did this job knows what he's about. We mustn't alarm him. What time did the clerk tell him to call?

Mr G At eleven.

Hawk It's within five minutes. You go to your room. I'll take my place at one of these desks as a clerk, and send the customers in

to you. When the forged bill is presented, you come to the door and say, loud enough for me to hear—"Vanzeller and Co., Penang," and leave the rest to me.

Mr G [*nervously*] Hadn't I better have assistance within call?

Hawk Oh dear no—I like to work single handed—but don't be excited. Take it coolly, or you may frighten the bird. [*Goes to desk, L*]

Mr G Easy to say take it coolly! I haven't been thief catching all my life
[*Exit GIBSON into his room, R.*]

Enter Moss, c., and down, c.

Moss [*At the counter, getting out his bills*] Let me see—Spelter and Wayne. Fifty, ten, three—thirty days after sight. That's commercial. [*Examining another bill*] For two hundred at two months—drawn by Captain Crabbs—accepted the Honorable Augustus Greenway: that's a thirty per center. Better try that at another shop. [*Takes out another*] Mossop and Mills—good paper—ninety-nine, eight, two—at sixty days That'll do here.

Mr G [*At door of his room, R*] Mr. Hawkshaw!

Hawk H—sh!

Crosses to R., warns him against using his name, but obeys his call, and goes in.

Moss [*On hearing name*] Hawkshaw! [*With a quick glance as HAWKSHAW passes into MR. GIBSON'S room*] A detective here! Ware—hawk! [*Alarmed, but recovering*] Well, it ain't for me—I'm all on the square, now. If bills will go missing—it ain't me that steals 'em—Tiger does that—I'm always a *bona fide* holder for value—I can face any examination, I can. But I should like to know Hawkshaw's little game, and I shouldn't mind spoiling it. [*Re-enter HAWKSHAW, a.*] Mr. Gibson, if you please?

Hawk He's in his office, sir. [*As Moss passes in he recognizes him.—Exit Moss, R.*] Melter Moss here! Can he be the forger? He heard my name. Dear, dear, to think that a business-man like Mr. Gibson should be green enough to call a man like me by his name. [*Re-enter Moss, R.*] Here he comes, now for the signal. [*Goes to desk, L.*]

Moss [*Coming down with cheques and bill book*] All right! Beautiful paper, most of it. One two of 'em fishy. Well, I'll try them three doors down—they ain't so particular.

Hawk [*Aside*] No signal!

Moss [*In front of counter, L*] If you'll allow me, I'll take a dip o your ink, young man—I've an entry to make in my bill book.—[*HAWKSHAW pitches him a pen*] Thank you. [*Moss writes*]

Enter DALTON, L. C., dressed as a respectable elderly commercial man, in as complete contrast as possible with his appearance in first Act—comes down, c.

Dal Mr. Gibson?

[*Takes out his bill case.*]

Hawk [*At desk, L*] You'll find him in his office, sir.

Dal [*Aside*] That's not the young man I saw here yesterday afternoon [*Aloud*] Let me see first that I've got the bill.

[*Rummages for bill.*]

Moss [*Recognizing DALTON*] Tiger bere, in his City get up. Oh, oh! If this should be Hawkshaw's little game? I'll drop him a line.

Writes, crosses to c. and passes paper secretly to DALTON, with a significant look, and taking care to keep behind the railing of the counter.

Dal [*Recognizing him*] *Moss*! [*Taking paper, reads*] "Hawkshaw's little game." Forewarned, forearmed! [*Goes up.*]

Moss [*Goes up, c*] There, I hope I've spoiled Hawkshaw's little game. [*Exit Moss.*]

MR. GIBSON appears at door of office, R.

Mr G [*About to address HAWKSHAW again*] *Mr.*—

Hawk [*Hastily interrupting him*] H'sh! a party wants to see you, sir if you could step this way, for a moment.

Dal Would you oblige me, *Mr. Gibson*, by looking very particularly at this bill. [*Gives it to GIBSON, who comes down.*]

Mr G [*c*] "Vanzeller and Co., Penang." [*Glances at HAWKSHAW aside, who crosses and seats himself at desk, R.*] He don't stir! "Vanzeller and Co., Penang." [*Aside*] Confound it, I haven't made a blunder, have I! "Vanzeller and Co., Penang."

[*HAWKSHAW prepares handcuffs under the desk.*]

Dal Yes, a most respectable firm. But all's not gold that glitters; I thought the paper as safe as you do; but, unluckily, I burnt my fingers with it once before. You may or may not remember my presenting a bill drawn by the same firm for discount two months ago

Mr G Yes, particularly well.

Dal Well, sir, I have now discovered that was a forgery.

Mr G So have I.

Dal And I'm sadly afraid, between you and me. By the way, I hope I may speak safely before your clerk?

Mr G Oh, quite.

Dal I'm almost satisfied that this bill is a forgery too. The other has been impounded, I hear. My object in coming here yesterday was, first to verify, if possible, the forgery in the case of this second bill; and next to ask your assistance, as you had given value for the first as well as myself, in bringing the forger to justice.

[*HAWKSHAW looks up as in doubt.*]

Mr G Really, sir, —

Dal Oh, my lear, sir! If we City men don't stand by each other in these rascally cases! But before taking any other step, there is one thing I owe to myself, as well as to you, and that is, to repay you the amount of the first forged bill

Mr G But you said you had given value for it?

Dal The more fool I! But if I am to pay twice, that is no reason you should be a loser. I've a memorandum of the amount here [*Looks at his bill-book*] Two hundred and twenty—seven five. Here are notes—two hundreds—a ten—and two fives—seven—and one—two three.

[*Counting out copper.*]

Mr G Oh! pray, sir, don't trouble yourself about the coppers.

Dal I'm particular in these matters. Excuse me—it's a little pe

Juliarly of mine—[counting out coppers]—three—four—five. There that's off my conscience! But you've not examined the notes

[HAWK pockets handcuffs.

Mr G Oh, my dear sir.

Dal Ah! careless, careless! [Shakes his head] Luckily, I had endorsed 'em.

Mr G Really, sir, I had marked that two hundred and twenty of to a bad debt a month ago. By the way I have not the pleasure of knowing your name.

Dal Wake, sir—Theopilus Wake, of the firm of Wake Bro., ship pers and wharfingers, Limehouse and Dock street, Liverpool. We have a branch establishment at Liverpool Here's our card.

[Gives card.

Mr G So far from expecting you to repay the money, I thought you were coming to bleed me afresh with forged bill No. 2—for a forgery it is, most certainly.

Dal Quite natural, my dear sir, my dear sir, quite natural—I've no right to feel the least hurt.

Mr G And what's more, I had a detective at that desk ready to pounce upon you.

Dal No, really.

Mr G You can drop the clerk, now, Mr. Hawkshaw.

[HAWK comes down, R.

Dal Hawkshaw! Have I the honor to address Mr. Hawkshaw, the detective, the hero of the great gold dust robberies, and the famous Trunk-line transfer forgeries.

[Crosses to G.

Haw I'm the man, sir. I believe—[modestly.

Dal Sir, the whole commercial world owes you a debt of gratitude it can never repay. I shall have to ask your valuable assistance in discovering the author of the audacious forgeries.

Haw Have you any clue?

Dal [O] I believe they are the work of a late clerk of ours—who got into gay company, poor lad and has gone to the bad. He knew the Vanzellers' signature, as they were old correspondents of ours.

Haw [R] Is the lad in London!

Dal He was within a week.

Haw Can you give me a description of him? Age—height—hair—eyes—complexion—last address—haunts—habits—associates—[significantly]—any female connexion?

Dal Unluckily I know very little of him personally. My partner, Walter Wake, can supply all the information you want.

Haw Where shall I find him?

Dal Here's our card. We'll take a cab and question him at our office. Or [as if struck by a sudden thought] suppose you bring him here—so that we may all lay our heads together.

Haw You'll not leave this office till I come back?

Dal If Mr Gibson will permit me to wait.

Mr G [L] I shall feel extremely obliged to you.

Haw You may expect me back in half an hour at farthest—going

Mr G., returns—egad, sir, you've had a narrow escape. I had the ~~dar-~~
bles open under the desk. [*Shewing handcuffs.*]

Dal Ha, ha, ha? how very pleasant.

[*Takes and examines handcuffs curiously.*]

Haw But I'll soon be down on this youngster.

Mr G If only he hasn't left London.

Haw Bless you—they can't leave London. Like the moths, they
turn and turn about the candle till they burn the wings.

Dal Ah! thanks to men like you. How little society is aware of
what it owes its detective benefactors.

Haw There's the satisfaction of doing one's duty—and something
else now and then.

Mr G Ah! a good round reward.

Haw That's not bad; but there's something better than that.

Dal Indeed!

Haw Paying off old scores. Now, if I could only clinch the dar-
bles on Jem Dalton's wrists.

Dal Dalton! What, s your grudge against him in particular?

Haw He was the death of my pal—the best mate I ever had—poor
Joe Skirrit. [*Draws his hands across his eyes*] I shall never work with
such another.

Mr G Did he murder him?

Haw Not to say murdered him right out. But he spoiled him—
gave him a clip on the head with a neddy—a life-preserver. He was
never his own man afterwards. He left the force on a pension, but
he grew sort of paralyzed, and then got queer in his head. I was
sitting with him the week before he died—"Jack," he says, it was
Joe and Jack with us, "Jack," he says, "I lay my death at the
Tiger's door"—that was the name we had for Dalton in the force.
"You'll look after him, Jack," he says, "for the sake of an old
comrade." By—no, I won't say what I said, but I promised him
to be even with Jem Dalton, and I'll keep my word.

Dal [c] You know this Dalton?

Haw [B] Know him! He has as many outsides as he has aliases.
You may identify him for a felon to-day, and pull your hat off to
him a parson to-morrow. But I'll hunt him out of all his skins;—
and my best night's sleep will be the day I've brought Jem Dalton
to the dock!

Dal Mr. Hawkshawk, I wish you every success!

Haw But I've other fish to fry now. [*Going up, looks at card*]—
Wake, brothers, Buckle's Wharf, Limehouse. [*Exit HAWK., c.*]

Dal Ask anybody for our office! [*Aside*] And if anybody can
tell you I shall be astonished. [*Following him up then returning.*]

Mr G I'm really ashamed to keep you waiting, sir.

Dal Oh, I can write my letters here. [*Pointing to the counter*] If
you don't mind trusting me all alone in your office.

Mr G My dear sir, if you were Dalton himself—the redoubtable
Tiger—you couldn't steal ledgers and day-hooks, and there's nothing
more valuable here—except, by the way, my queer old depositor,
Miss Faddle's, five thousand, that she insists on my keeping here in

Mr G did
 Dal he
 Joe
 at
 17

the office in gold, as she believes neither in banks nor bank-notes.—
And, talking of notes, I may as well lock up these you so handsomely paid me.

Dal Not believe in notes! Infatuated woman! [*Aside*] I hope he'll like mine.

Mr G [*Locks safe*] I'll leave you to write your letters.

[*Exit MR. GIBSON into his office, R.*]

Dal Phew! [*Whistles low*] That's the narrowest shave I ever had so, Jack Hawkshaw, you'll be even with Jem Dalton yet, will you? You may add this day's work to the score against him. How the old boy swallowed my soft sawder and Brummagem notes! They're beauties! It would be a pity to leave them in his hands—and five thousand shiners p'raps alongside of 'em. Come—I've my waxy handy—never travel without my tools. Here goes for a squeeze at the lock of this safe.

Goes to safe, R. and by means of a pick-lock applies wax to the wards of the lock by the key-hole Music, piano

Enter BRIERLY, C. from I

Bri [*Hangs up wax, L*] Clerks not returned Hawkshaw gone? [*Sees DALTON at safe*] Holloa! who's this? Tampering with the safe?—Hold hard there!

[*He seizes DALTON who turns.*]

Dal [*Aside, R*] Brierty Hands off young'un Don't you know a locksmith when you see him?

Bri [*R C*] Gammon! Who are you! How came you here? What are you doing with that safe?

Dal You ask a great deal too many questions

Bri I'll trouble you to answer 'em.

Dal By what right?

Bri I'm messenger in this office, and I've a right to know who touches a lock here.

Dal You messenger here? Indeed! and suppose I took to asking questions—you mightn't be so keen of answering yourself—Robert Brierty!

Bri You know me!

Dal Yes. And your character from your last place—Port—

Bri [*Terrified*] Hush!

Dal Your hair hasn't grown so fast but I can see traces of the prison-crop.

Bri For mercy's sake!

Dal Silence for silence. Ask me no questions and I'll press for no answers.

Bri You must explain your business here to Mr. Gibson. I suspect ed you for a thief.

Dal And I know you for a jail-bird. Let's see whose information will go the farthest. There, I'll make you a fair offer, Robert Brierty. Let me pass, and I leave this place without breathing a word to your employer that you're fresh from a sentence of penal servitude for four years. Detain me, and I denounce you for the convict you are!

[*A knock at the door, C.*]

Mrs W [*Without*] Mr. Brierly!

Bri Hush! Coming, Mrs. Willoughby.

Dal Is it a bargain?

Bri Go—go—anything to escape this exposure.

[*Giving him his hat, &c., from counter, L.*]

Dal [*At door*] There's Aby Moss, waiting for me outside. He'll hall blow the lad to Gibson. He may be useful to us, and I owe him one for spoiling my squeeze.

Exit DALTON, L. C.

Enter MRS. WILLOUGHBY, L. I. E.

Mrs W Which, I've to ask pardon for intruding, not hein' used to my office, and knowing my place I 'ope. But it's gettin' on for quarter past eleven, Mr. Robert, and twelve's the latest they will do it, and the breakfast all set out beautiful—and some parties is a gettin' impatient, which it's no more than natural, bless her, and Sarah that rampagious—But whatever's the matter? You look struck all of a heap like?

Bri Oh, nothing, nothing. It's natural, you know, a man should look queer on his wedding morning. There, go and tell May I'll be with her directly.

Enter SAM, L. I. E.

Sam Come along, Bob, we're all tired of waiting, especially this child. [*Sings nigger song*] Come along!

Mrs W [*Admiringly*] Oh, that boy! If it ain't enough to make any grandmother's 'eart proud.

Bri Go—go—I'll follow—I've some business matters to attend to.

Sam A nice state for business you're in—I don't think—There, granny. [*Looks at him*] This is what comes of getting married! If it ain't an awful warning to a young fellow like me!

Mrs W Drat your impudence.

Sam But the party's waiting down stairs, and we're wanted to keep 'em in spirits, so come along, granny.

[*Polks out with MRS. WILLOUGHBY, L. I. E.*]

Bri Known! Threatened! Spared by Hawkshaw—only to be denounced by this man.

Enter MOSS, L. O.

Moss Mr. Gibson, if you please?

Bri He's in his office, sir—that way. [*Points to open door, R.*]

Moss I remember the young man now. A convict get himself into a respectable situation. It is a duty one owes to society to put his employer on his guard.

[*Exit, R.*]

Bri Yes—-he's gone—I can draw my breath again—I was wrong to let him go. But to have the cup at one's lip, and see it struck away—I couldn't—I couldn't—even the detective had mercy. When we're married, I'll tell Mr. Gibson all.

Re-enter MOSS and MR. GIBSON from his office, R.

Moss You can question him, sir, if you don't believe me: any way I've done my duty, and that's what I look to. [*Exit MOSS, L. O.*]

Bri [*L.*] Here's the money for the cheque, sir.

GIBSON takes money—BRIERLY is going, L. I. E.

Mr G [*R.*] Robert.

Bri [L] Sir.

Mr G Where are you going?

Bri To dress for church, sir.

Mr G Stay here.

Bri Sir!

Mr G You have deceived me.

Bri Mr Gibson—

Mr G I know all—your crime—your conviction—your punishment!

Bri Mercy! mercy!

Mr G Unhappy young man.

Bri Ah! unhappy you may well call me. I was sentenced, sir but I was not guilty. It's true, sir, but I don't expect you to believe it—I've worked out my sentence, sir—they hadn't a man against me at Portland—you may ask 'em—here's my ticket-of-leave sir, You own I've been steady and industrious since I came here.—By heaven's help I mean to be so still—indeed I do.

Mr G I dare say, but I must think of my own credit and character. If it was buzzed about that I kept a ticket-of-leave man in my employment—

Enter GREEN JONES, C, down B., MAY, EMILY, MRS. WILLOUGHBY and SAM, L. I E.

Mrs W [L] Which, axin your pardon, Mr. Gibson, we're all ready, and the cab is a waitin'—

Sam [L.] And the parson getting cold.

May [L. c.] Robert, why are you not dressed? What is the matter?

Bri Heaven help thee, my poor lass.

May You are pale—tremble—are ill—oh, speak! what is it?

Bri Bear up, May. But our marriage—cannot—be—yet—awhile

All The wedding put off.

[MAY & EMILY aghast.]

Em No bonnets!

Mrs W And no breakfasts.

Green By Jove!

Sam Here's a go!

} [Together.]

May Am I dreaming! Robert, what does this mean?

Bri It's hard to bear. Keep up your heart—I'm discharged. He knows all.

May [To GIBSON] Oh, sir, you couldn't have the heart say it was not true.

Bob Sorry for it. You have both deceived me—you must both save the place.

Bri You hear—come May.

May I'll go, sir. It was I deceived you, not he. Only give him a chance—

[Music - piano, till end]

Bri Never heed her, sir. She'd have told you long ago, but I hadn't the heart—my poor lass—let her bide here, sir—I'll leave the country—I'll list.

May Hush, Hush, Robert! We were wrong to hide the truth—we are sorely punished—if you've courage to face what's before us. I have

Bri My brave wench! Thank you for all your kindness, sir. Good bye, friends. Come, May, we'll go together

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*Bridgewater Arms*—A large gaily decorated Coffee Room set out with tables and benches; a bar crosses the corner of room, up L., with gaily painted hogsheads ranged above it; beer engine, &c., at the head of bar, L. O.; door to street in flat, R; door to parlour, R. 2 E. curtained windows in flat; a piano L.; a trap leading to cellar, practicable, up stage, c. near the end of the bar; table and three chairs in front R., table and benches, up L.; table and benches at back. R.

Moss with bags of silver, and **DALTON** seated at table, R.—**MALTYBY** waiting upon them

Mal [*At back of table, R.*] Pint of sherry. [*Putting it down*] Very furious!—Yes, Mr. Moss, it's a pleasure to see you, sir, at the Bridgewater Arms; though it aint the Belle Vue Gardens! worse luck!

Moss [*R. of table*] Ah! ups and downs in this lot of life, Mr. Maltby. You'll let me know when Mr. Tottie comes?

Mal Ah, the subcontractor for the main sewer in the next street. Such a nuisance! stops all traffic—

Moss But sends you all the navvies. It's here they're taken on, and paid—you know.

Mal Connexion not aristocratic, but beery; we do four butts a week at the bar, to say nothing of the concert room up stairs.

Dal [*L. of table, R.*] What the navvies like music to their malt, do they?

Mal Oh, yes, sir! I introduced the arts from the West End. The roughs adore music, especially selections from the Italian Opera, and as for sentiment and sensation, if you could hear Miss St. Evremond touch them up with the "Maniac's Tear," the new sensation ballad, by a gifted composer, attached to the establishment, and sold at the bar, price one shilling: why we've disposed of three dozen "Maniac's Tears" on a pay night—astonishing how it goes down!

Dal With the beer?

Enter MRS. GREEN JONES, door in flat, and comes down L.—she wears handsome evening dress under her shawl.

Mal [*c, coming forward to her*] Here comes Mrs. Jones—gentlemen, this is the great and gifted creature I was alluding to.

Em [*L*] Go along with your nonsense!

Mal Miss St. Evremond, the great sensation balladist, formerly of the Nobility's Concerts, and her Majesty's Theatre—[*Aside*]—in the ballet.

Moss Proud to make the acquaintance of so gifted an artiste.

Em You're very obliging, I'm sure. [*Taking off her bonnet and shawl and smoothing her hair, to MALTYBY*] How's the room to night?

Mal Tidy, but nothing to what it will be. It's the navvies pay night you know.

Em Navvies! oh, lord! [*Sighs*] to think of Emily St Evremond, wasting her sweetness upon an audience of navigators!

Dal They are not aristocratic, but they are appreciative.

Em Yes! poor creatures! they do know a good thing when they hear it!

Dal If Miss St. Evremond will oblige us with a ballad—
[*To MALTYBY.*]

Mal The Maniac's Tear.

Em If these gentlemen wouldn't mind

Dal On the contrary—we like music; don't we, *Moss*?

Moss I doat upon it; especially Handel!

Em But where's the accompanist?

Mal I regret to say the signor is disgracefully screwed!

Em Oh, never mind, Jones can accompany me! [*Going up*] *COZZA*
a, Green Jones; you're wanted! [*MALTYBY opens piano*

Inter GREEN JONES with basket of trotters, door in flat—they both come down, a

Green In the trotter line, or the tuneful?

Em To accompany me on the piano! [*She arranges her hair*

Green Till you're ready, these gentlemen wouldn't like to try
rotter, would they? A penny a set, and of this morning's boiling
-if I might tempt you? They're delicious with a soupçon of pepper

Mal No, no, Mr. Jones, these are not *your* style of customers.

Green Excuse me, Mr. Maltby. I'm aware trotters are not known
in good society,; but they go down as a relish, even with people
accustomed to entrees? I liked 'em as a swell before I was reduced
to them as a salesman.

Mal [C.—to MRS. GREEN JONES] Perhaps you'd give us the Maniac's
Tear?

Em [L c] I can't do it without letting down my back hair!

Dal [R c] Oh, down with the back hair, by all means;

Em You're very kind. Jones! Where's the glass?

JONES procures a hand-glass from basket—EMILY arranges her hair by glass

Green [L.—seating himself at the piano] One word of preface, gentle-
men! It's a sensation ballad! scene—Criminal Ward, Bedlam! Miss St. Evremond is an interesting lunatic—with lucid intervals. She has murdered her husband— [*Finds basket in his way*] Emmy! if you'd just shift those trotters—and her three children, and is supposed to be remonstrating with one of the lunacy commissioners on the cruelty of her confinement!

Music—EMILY sings a sensation ballad, "The Maniac's Tear," accompanied by her husband—all applaud.

Mal [*Going off*] Now—look sharp, Miss St. Evremond. The Wis-
consin Warblers are at their last chorus. [*Exit MALTBY, L. U. E.*

Em [*To her husband*] Bye-bye, dear, till after the concert—you
know I can't be seen speaking to you while you carry that basket.

Green True—in the humble trotter-man who would suspect th
husband of the brilliant St. Evremond! There's something romanti
in it—I hover round the room—I hear you universally admirabl
visibly applauded—audibly adored. Oh, agony!

Emi Now, Jones—you are going to be jealous again! I do believ
jealousy's at the bottom of those trotters!

[*Exit* MRS. and MR. GREEN JONES, L. 1 E.]

Moss Now's our time—while the fools upstairs are having thei
ears tickled. You've the tools ready for jumping that crib in St
Nicholas Lane?

Dal Yes, but tools ain't enough—I must have a clear stage, and a
pal who knows the premises.

Moss I've managed that—nobody sleeps in the place but the old housekeeper and her precious grandson.

Dal He's as sharp as a terrier dog—and can bite too—a young varmint. If I come across him. [Threateningly]

Moss No occasion for that—you're so violent. I've made the young man's acquaintance. I've asked him to meet me here to-night for a quite little game—his revenge, I called it. I'll dose the lad till he's past leaving the place. You drop a hint to the old lady—she'll come to take care of him. The coast will be clear yonder.

Dal And the five thousand shiners will be nailed in the turning of Jemmy. If we had that young Brierly in the job—he knows the lay about the place blindfold. But he's on the square, he is—bent on earning an honest livelihood.

Moss But I've blown him wherever he's got work. He *must* dance to our tune at last!

Dal Ah! if *you've* got him in hand? Work *him* into the job, and I'll jump the crib to-night.

Moss He's applied to be taken on at the contract works near here. This is the pay night—Tottie, the subcontractor, is a friend of mine—

Dal He's lucky!

Moss Yes. I find him the cash at twenty per cent' till his certificates are allowed by the engineer. T'aint heavy interest, but there's no risk—a word from me, and he'd discharge every navvie in his gang. But I've only to breathe jail-bird, and there's no need of a discharge. The men themselves would work the lad off the job. They are sad roughs, but they've a horror of jail-birds.

Dal Ah! nobody likes the Portland mark I know that—I've tried the honest dodge, too.

Moss It don't answer.

Dal It didn't with me. I had a friend, like you, always after me. Whatever I tried, I was blown as a convict, and hunted out from honest men.

Moss And then you met me—and I was good to you—wasn't I?

Dal Yes. You were very kind.

Moss Always allowed you handsome for the swag you brought, and put you up to no end of good things! and I'll stick by you, my dear—I never drop a friend.

Dal No, till the hangman takes your place at his side.

[Presses his elbows to his side in the attitude of a man pinnioned.]

Moss Don't be disagreeable my dear—you give me a cold shiver. Hush! here come the navvies.

Enter the NAVIGATORS noisily, through door in flat R. c. They seat themselves at their tables, R. and L., calling some for pots of beer, some for quarterns of gin. The POTMAN and WAITERS bustle about with MALTBY superintending and taking money. BRIERLY follows. Enter HAWKSHAW door in flat, R. c., disguised as a navvy. He appears flustered with drink—goes to one of the tables, L., and assuming a country dialect, calls swag gerringly.

Hawk Gallon 'o beer! maester.

Mal A gallon?

Hawk Aye, and another when that's doue— I'm in brass to night

and I stand treat. Here, mates, who'll drink? [NAVVIES crowd, with loud acclamations to his table—beer is brought—HAWK to BRI, who is seated L. of table] Come, won't thou drink, my little flannel back?

Bri No, thank you; I've a poor head for liquor and I've not had my supper yet.

Haw Thou'st sure it's not pride?

Bri Pride? I've no call for pride—I've come to try and get taken on at the works.

Haw Well, thou look'st like a tough 'un. There's cast-iron Jack was smashed in the tunnel this morning. There'll be room for thee if thou canst swing the old anchor.

Bri The old anchor?

Haw Ha, ha! It's easy to see thou'st no banker. Why the pic is to be sure—the groundsman's bread-winner. Halloa, mates, keep drop of grog for Ginger. [Goes back to table.]

Navvies Aye, aye!

Haw Here's the old anchor, boys, and long may we live to swing it.

All The pick forever. Hip, hip hurrah!

Malt [Coming down, R.] Mr. Tottie's in the parlor, and wishes particularly to see you, Mr. Moss.

Moss I should think he did—say I'm coming. [Exit MALT, R.]

Dal [Aside to Moss] You look after the Lancashire lad—yonder he sits—and I'll drop a hint to the old woman. Stay, we'd better work from the old church-yard of St-Nicholas—there's a door opens into it from the crib. I'll hide the tools behind one of the tombstones.

Moss Beautiful! Sacred to the memory of Jem Dalton's jack-in-the box! Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit Moss into parlor, R., DALTON by the street door, R. in flat.]

Haw Here, landlord, take your change out of that. [Flings a sovereign on table. Call for more beer, mates, till I come back.]

[Exit staggering like a drunken man after DALTON.]

1st Nav Thou'llt come back, mate?

Haw Aye, aye, boys, directly. [At door.] Contractor's in 't parlor wi' the week's pay.

1st Nav Here's thy health!

All [Sing] "For he's a jolly good fellow," &c.

[Enter GREEN JONES, L. I. E.]

Green Emily is bringing down the house in the Maniac. I can't stand it; my feelings as a husband are trampled on! But she's a trump, too—and what a talent! By heaven, if ever I get my head above water again, I won't fool away my money as I have done; no, I'll take a theatre at the West End, and bring out my wife in every thing. It will be an immense success; meanwhile, 'till the pound presents themselves, let me look after the pence. Trotters, gents & wotters—penny the set, and this morning's boiling.

[He goes up among tables]

1st Nav Stop till we get brass, we'll clear out thy basket.

[Exit NAVVIES, R. door, followed by GREEN JONES.]

Bri Yes, the old anchor is my last chance—I've tried every road to an honest livelihood, and, one after another, they are barred in my face. Everywhere that dreadful word, jail-bird, seems to be breathed

in the air about me—sometimes in a letter, sometimes in a hint, sometimes a copy of the newspaper with my trial, and then its the same story—sorry to part with me—no complaint to make—but can't keep a ticket-of-leave man. Who can it be that hunts me down this way? Hawkshaw spared me. I've done no man a wrong—poor fellows like me should have no enemies. I wouldn't care for myself, but my poor lass, my brave, true-hearted May; I'm dragging her down along with me. Ah? here she is.

Enter MAY, poorly dressed—she has a can, and some food in a bundle—door in flat, and comes down, L

May [*Cheerfully*] Well, Robert, dear, I said I shouldn't be long; I have brought your supper.

Bri [*L*] Thank thee, darling—I'm not hungry—thou'st been out after work all the day—eat thyself—thou need'st strength most.

May [*On his L*] Nay, dear, what will become of me if you lose heart? But if you'll be a good boy, and take your tea [*gets round from to B. opens tin and takes bread from bundle*] I'll tell you a piece of good news—for you—for both of us.

Bri That will be something new.

May I've got a promise of work from the Sailor's Ready Made Clothing Warehouse near here. It won't be much, but it will keep the wolf from the door till you get another situation. Have you tried if the contractor here will take you?

Bri Not yet. He's in yonder paying the men. He'll send for me: but I scarcely dare to ask him. Oh, May, lass, I've held on hard to hope, but it feels as if it was slipping out of my hand at last.

May Robert, dear Robert, grasp it hard; so long as we do what is right, all will come clear at last; we're in kind hands, dear—you know we are.

Bri I begin to doubt it, lass—I do, indeed.

May No, no; never doubt that, or my heart will give way too—

Bri And thou that has had courage for both of us. Every blow that has fallen, every door that has been shut between me and an honest livelihood, every time that clean hands have been drawn away from mine, and respectable faces turned aside as I came near them, I've come to thee for comfort, and love, and hope, and I've found them till now.

May Oh, yes! what's the good of a sunshine wife? It's hard weather tries us women best, dear, you men ain't half so stout hearted.

Bri I'd not mind the misery so much for myself, 'tis for the

May I don't complain—do I?

Bri Never! But, nevertheless, I've brought thee to sorrow and want, and shame. Till I came back to thee thou hadst friends, work and comforts. But since Mr. Gibson discharged us off, the blight that has followed me, has reached thee too, the bravest, honestest, brightest lass that ever doubled a man's joys, and halved his burdens. Oh! it's too bad—[*rises*]—it kills the heart out of me—it makes me mad.

[*Crosses to B.*]

May [*Following him*] I tell you, 'twill all come clear at last, if we are only true to ourselves—to each other. I've work promised, and perhaps you may be taken on here. I spy bright days before us still

Bri Bright days! I can't see them through the prison cloud that stands like a dark wall between me and honest labor. May, lass, I sometimes think I had better let it all go—run—'list—make a hole in the water, anything that would rid thee of me; thou could'st make thy way alone.

May Oh, Robert, that is cruel! nothing others could do to us would hurt me like those words from you; we are man and wife, and we'll take life as man and wife should, hand-in-hand; where you go, I will go, where you suffer, I will be there to comfort; and when better times come, as come they will—we will thank God for them together.

Bri I'll try to hope.

May And you won't heed the black thoughts that come over you when you're alone?

Bri I'll do my best to fight 'em off.

May That's a brave dear; I'm only going to the warehouse; I shall be back soon. Good-bye, dearest. Remember, when the clouds are thickest, the sun still shines behind them. [*Exit, door in flat*]

Bri Bless that brave bright dear; she puts strength into me, in spite of the devilish doubts that have got their claws about my throat. Yes, I will try once more. [*The NAVIGATORS come noisily out of parlor, R., and re-seat themselves at the tables R., and L.*]

Enter Moss, from parlor, R.

Moss [*Speaking off*] So, all paid at last?

Re-enter DALTON, door in flat, and HAWKSDAW, after him.

Dal [*Down R., to Moss*] All right, the lad's coming. I've tipped the old woman the office, and planted the tools. [*He looks at table, B*]

Haw [*Crosses to L., then tapping BRIERLY on the shoulder, who starts suddenly*] All the gang ha' gotten their brass—Tottie's takin' on men now, my flannel-back. Thou go in, and put on a bold face—Tottie likes chaps as speaks up to him. [*HAWK returns to his MATES.*]

Bri If this chance fail—God help us both. [*Exit into parlor, R. I B. NAVVIES at the table clamor and fight, and shout over their drink. Moss glances at BRIERLY as he passes.*]

Moss There he goes!

[*NAVVIES clamor.*]

Dal It would be a pity to let a ticket-of-leave man in among all those nice sober, well-behaved young men. [*Clamour.*]

Moss I must blow him again; he must be near the end of his tether, now. (*Enter SAM WILLOUGHBY, door in flat, and comes down, C.* Here comes our young friend. [*Coaxingly to SAM WILLOUGHBY*] Ah, my dear—so you've come out for a little hanky-panky with old Moss. Sit down. My friend, Mr. Walker. What'll you have.

Sam I don't care—I'm game for anything from sherry to rum-trub. Suppose we begin with a brandy and soda, to cool the coppers!

Dal [*Calls*] Brandy and soda, Maltby.

Sam I had an awful go in of it last night at the balls, and dropped into a lot of 'em like a three-year-old!

[*Imitates action of billiard play, with his walking cane for a cue.*]

Moss Billiards, too! Lord! what a clever young chap you are
MALTBY brings soda water and brandy.

Sam [*Sits at back of table*] Yes, I know a thing or two. [*Takes glass*] I wasn't born blind, like a terrier pup—I rayther think—but you promised me my revenge, you old screw. [*Drinks*] That's the tipple to steady a chap's hand. Now fork out the pictures, old boy.

Moss [*Shuffling cards, R.*] Oh, what a boy you are! What shall it be this time?

Sam A round or two of brag to begin with, and a few deals at Blind Hookums for a wind up.

[*As he deals enter BRIERLY from inner room, R.*]

Bri Heaven be thanked, another chance yet!

Hawk [*As BRIERLY passes*] Well my little flannel-back, has he taken you on?

Bri Yes, I'm to come to work to-morrow morning. I'm in Ginger's gang.

Hawk I'm Ginger. Come, let's wet thy footing.

Bri My last shilling! [*Throws it down*] It's all I have, but you're welcome.

Hawk Nay, it shan't be said Ginger Bill ever cleared a chap out neither. I'll pay for thy footing, and thou'lt stand beer thy first pay night. Here, measter, a gallon to wet t' new chap's name. Boh, we'll christen thee, 'cause thou hadst but a shillin'—Ha, ha, ha!

Navvies [*Laugh—They all drink*] Here's Bob's health!

Bri [*L c., recognizing SAM*] Sam Willoughby, in this place, and over the devil's books, too. Oh! I'm sorry to see this—sorry—sorry.—Poor old woman! If she knew!

Sam [*Calling*] Best card! [*Showing a card*] First stake!

Dal Stop a m'nute—ace of diamonds!

Sam First stake to you. Hang it! never mind, [*deal,*] one can't lose much at this game—I go a tizzy [*Puts a stake on cards*]

Moss A shilling.

Sara Five.

Dal I extend

Moss Ten.

Sam A sovereign! thirty-one! Third stake, and the brag. [*Shows his cards*] Pair royal—pair—ace of spades. Fork over the shiners.

Moss Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm ruined—ruined. [*Pays sovereign*]

Dal [*Calls*] Two colds without.

Sam Now, for my deal.

[*He deals three cards to each—MALTRY brings brandy*]

Moss Best card? First stake. I stand.

Sam I brag. Hang peddling with tizzies—half a crown.

Dal Five. [*Moss looks at SAM's hand, and signals to DAL.*]

Sam Ten.

Dal A sovereign.

Moss Oh! Oh! dear, what a boy it is! How much have you got in your pocket?

Sam Lots! I'm paid quarterly now. Had my quarter to-day!—Another cold without. [*Calls*] Let's see—I'll hold on. [*Draws card*] Thirty-four—overdrawn—confound it! Now let's see your hand.

[*To DALTON*]

Dal Three pairs—fives, trays, deuces, and the knave of clubs

Sam Hang it all! How is a man to stand against such cards?

Bri How is a man to stand against such play? He was looking over your cards, and see—[*Seizes a card from Moss's lap*—the ace of diamonds! *Sam*, if you won't believe me, believe your own eyes: you're being cheated, robbed. You old villain—you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Moss. Oh, dear! oh, dear! to say such things to a man at my time of life

Dal We're not to be bullied.

Sam [*Threateningly*] You give me back my money! [*MAL. comes down.*

Moss I shan't! Here, Mr. Maltby.

Mal Come, be off. I can't have any disturbance here, Mr. Moss is a most respectable man, and his friends are as respectable as he is, and as for you—if you won't leave the room quietly—you must be made to.

Sam Who'll take me? Come on, [*squaring*] both of you! Stand up to 'em, Bob, I'm not afraid! [*NAVIGATORS gather round*

Enter MRS. WILLOUGHBY, door in flat.

Mrs W [*R c*] It's his voice—which well I know it. Oh! *Sam*—*Sam*, I've found you at last!

Sam Well, suppose you have—what then?

Mrs W What then! Oh! dear—oh! dear. And I've run myself into that state of trimble and perspiration, and if it hadn't been for the gentleman I might have been east, and west, and high and low, but it's at the "Bridgewater Arms" you'll find him, he says—and here I have found you, sure enough—and you come home with me this minute.

Moss [*R*] Ah! you'd better go home with the old lady!

Dal [*R c*] And if you take my advice, you'll send him to bed without his supper.

Sam [*c, MRS. WILLOUGHBY pushing him away*] I ain't a going. Now, you give me my money—I'm not going to stand any nonsense.

Mrs W [*R c*] And this is what he calls attending elocution class of a night, and improvin' of his mind—and me a toilin' and a moilin' for him—which I'm his own grandmother, gentlemen, and him the only one of three. [*Still holding him*

Sam It's no use, Granny, I'm not a child to be tied to your apron strings—you've no right to be naggin' and aggravatin', and coming after a chap, to make him look small this way. I don't mind—I shan't stir. There! [*He flings his cap on the table, sits on it, swinging his legs.*

Mrs W Oh! dear—oh! dear—he'll break my heart, he will.

Bri [*c*] *Sam*, my lad, listen to me, if you won't hearken to her.—*Crosses, r*] A bad beginning makes a bad end, and you're beginning badly: the road you're on leads downwards, and once in the slough at the bottom o't—oh! trust one who knows it—there's no working clear again. You may hold out your hand—you may cry for help—you may struggle hard—but the quicksands are under your foot—and you sink down, down, till they close over your head.

Hawk [*Seated, l*] Hear the little flannel-back. He talks like a missionary, he do. [*Al. trach*

Bri Go home, my lad—go home with her—be a son to her love her as she has loved thee—make her old days happy—be sober, be steady, and when you're a grown man, and her chair's empty at t'chimney corner, you'll mayhap remember this day, and be thankful you took the advice of poor, hunted-down, broken-hearted *Bob Brierly*

Sam [*Who has betrayed signs of feeling while he has been speaking*] I don't know—I feel so queer—and—don't look at me. *To Mrs Willoughby*—*gets off table crosses to her*] I've been a regular lad'un, Granny—I'm very sorry—I'll put on the curb—I'll pull up—that is, I'll try.

Mrs W [*Rises*] Oh! bless him for those words! Bless you! my own dear boy. [*Crosses to BRIERLY*] And you too, Mr. Brierly—which if the widow's blessing is worth while, it's yours, and many of them Oh! dear—oh! dear.

*Orie*s—*gets out her handkerchief, and in doing so drops her purse and keys*—*Moss* picks up the purse—*Mrs. Willoughby* catches his eye as he does so—*DALTON* unobserved by all picks up the keys.

Bri [*Passes back to L*] Nay, don't thank me. It's late now Go home—Sam, give her your arm.

Moss Here's your purse, old lady. [*Making a final attempt on SAM*]—What, you won't stay and make a night of it?

Mrs W I'll trouble you not to speak to my grandson. If ever an old man was ashamed of his grey hairs, it's you ought to be. Come Sam.

Moss [*Aside*] Banked

Dal No—I didn't give her back her keys.

Sam [*Turning to Moss*] If I wasn't a going to turn over a new leaf—Oh, wouldn't I like to pitch into you!

[*Exit SAM and Mrs. Willoughby*]

Hawk [*Pretending to be very drunk*] And so should I—an old varmint—and so would all of us;—you're bad enough for a tommy shop-keeper.

Navvies Aye, that he is—ought to be ashamed of himself.

Moss [*Crosses to C*] And who accuses me? A nice chap, this, to take away honest folk's characters!

Hawk Stow that! He's one of us now—a regular blue-socking Tottie's taken him on! He's paid his footing—eh, mates?

All Aye—aye.

Hawk Here's Bob's health, mates.

All Aye—aye.

Moss Stop; [*goes up C. towards L. table,*] before you drink that health best know the man you're drinking to. You're a rough lot, I know but you're honest men.

Bri Oh, man, if you've a heart—

[*Rises*]

Moss I owe you one—I always pay my debts— [*To NAVVIES*]—You're not felons, nor company for felons—for jail-birds.

All Jail-birds!

Moss Aye—jail-birds. Ask him how long it is since he served his four years at Portland. [*Hawkshaw goes up, crosses, and sits exactly at head of table, L*] Look!—he turns pale—his lip falls; he can't deny it

[*BRIERLY* *etc* *etc* *etc*]

Hawk Who knows, lads—perhaps he's repented.

All No—no. [*Grumbling*] No jail-bird—no convict—LO ticket-of-leaver.

Bri Aye, mates—it's true I was convicted, but I wasn't guilty. I served my time. I came out an altered man. I tried hard to earn an honest livelihood— [*They all turn away*] Don't all turn away from me! Give me a chance—only a chance.

All No—no.

Bri Nay, then, my last hope is gone—I can fight no longer!
[*Throws his head on his hands in despair*]

The NAVIGATORS retire up, HAWKSHAW pretending to be very drunk, appears to sleep with head on table. The NAVIGATORS drop off, and exit D. F. on by case.

Moss [*To DALTON*] Honesty's bowled out at last! It's our game now. [*Puts his hand on BRIERLY'S shoulder*] I say, my friend—

Bri Eh! [*Looking up*] You! The man who told them! [*Fiercely*]

Moss [*L*] Yes—yes; but don't put yourself in a passion.

Bri Only tell me—Is it you who have followed me in this way?—who have turned all against me?—who have kept me from earning honest bread?

Moss Yes.

Bri But why, man, why? I had done you no wrong.

Moss Ask him. [*Pointing to DALTON*] He's an old friend of yours.

Bri I don't know him—yet—I've seen that face before. Yes, it is—Jem Downey! Thou villain! [*He seizes him*] I know thee now. Thou shalt answer to me for all this misery.

Dal Easy does it, Bob. Hands off, and let's take things pleasantly.

Bri Not content with leading me into play, and drink, and devilry, —with making me your tool.—with sending me to a prison, it's you that have dogged me—have denounced me as a convict.

Dal Of course—you didn't think any but an old friend would have taken such an interest in you.

Bri Did you want to close all roads against me but that which leads to the dock?

Dal Exactly.

Bri [*Turns to Moss.*]

Moss Exactly.

Dal You see when a man's in the mud himself and can't get out of it he don't like to see another fight clear. Come, honest men won't have anything to do with you—best try the black sheep—we ain't proud. [*All sit B.*] We've a job in hand will be the making of all three. [*Fills his glass*] Here, drink, and put some heart into you.

BRI drinks] That's your sort—a lad of spirit—I said there was real grit in him—didn't I Mossey?

Moss You always gave him the best of characters.

Dal Is it a bargain?

Bri Yes.

Dal There! Tip us the cracksman's crook—so!

[*Shakes hands with a peculiar grip*]

Enter MAY, door in flat.

May [c] Robert - not here? [*Sees him*] Ah, there he is! [*Going* -
pauses] Who are those with him?

Dal Now a caulker to clinch the bargain. [*They drink.*]

May [*In pain*] Ah! Robert

Bri You here—lass?

Moss Oh, these petticoats!

Dal You're not wanted here, young woman

May He is my husband, sir. He is not strong—the drink will do
 him harm.

Dal Ha, ha, ha! Brandy do a man harm! I'ts mother's milk -
 take another sip. [*Fills BRIERLY'S glass again.*] To your girl's good
 health?

May Robert, dear—come with me.

Bri Have you got work?

May No—not yet.

Bri No more have I, lass. The man took me on—it was the old
 story.

May Oh, Robert—come!

Bri I shall stay with friends here—thou go home, and don't sit
 up for me.

May [*Imploringly*] Robert!

Bri I've my reasons.

Dal Come, are you going.

Bri [*MAX clings to him.*] Stand off, lass. You used to do what I
 bid you—stand off, I say. [*He shakes himself free from her.*]

May Oh, Robert, Robert! [*Stagger back to table, L. and sits.*]

Bri [*Aside*] I must—or they'll not trust me.

May These men? to what have they tempted him to his despair?
 They shan't drive me away. [*Aside.*] I'll watch. [*Exit door in flat,*
after a mute appeal to BRIERLY. The tables have before this been cleared
 of all the NAVVIES except HAWKSHAW, who lies with his head on the table
 as if dead drunk—MOSS rises and goes down, R.

Mal [*Re-entering from bar, L. U. E.—shaking HAWK by the shoulder.*]
 Now, my man, we're shutting up the bar.

Haw Shut up. I'm shut up. Good night. [*Lets his head fall.*]

Dal [*Coming down*] It's no use—he won't go, and I'm wanted in
 the concert room. [*Exit MALT. L. U. E., calling*] bar closed.

Moss [*To DALTON, suspiciously pointing to HAWK*] The 'e's a party—

Dal [*Rising*] Eh? [*Shaking HAWK*] Holloa, wake up.

[*HAWK grunts*]

Moss He's in a deplorable state of intoxication.

Dal Yes, he's got his cargo—no danger in him—now for busi-
 ness. First and foremost, no more of this. [*Poet ts bottle—to BRIE*]
 You've heard the job we have in hand?

Bri Yes, but you have not told me where it is, or why you
 want my help.

Dal It's old Gibson's office. The five thousand you know you
 know where it's kept.

Bri Well.

Dal And you'll take us to it?

Bri Yes.

Dal That's the ticket. Then we may as well start.

Bri Now!

Dal My rule is, never put off till to-morrow the crib I can crack to-day. Besides, you might change your mind.

Moss One has heard of such things.

Bri But—

Dal You crane—

Bri No.

Dal I'll get a cab.

Moss And I'll get another—we'd best go single. [*Going.*]

Dal No, it wouldn't be polite to leave Mr. Brierly. [*Aside.*] I can't half trust him—don't let him out of your sight.

[*Exits door in flat.*]

Bri [*Aside*] If he'd only leave me for a moment.

Moss [*Crosses to front, R.—sitting*] He's carried off the bottle, and the bar's shut up, or we might have a little refreshment.

Bri Perhaps, if you went to the landlord—

Moss No, I'd rather stay with you—I like your company, uncommon.

Enter MALTBY, L. O. E., with a wine basket and candle.

Malt Here's Mr. Tottie standing champagne round to the Wisconsin Warblers, and the bar stock all out, and the waiters in bed! I must go down to the cellar myself—very humiliating? [*Goes to trap near bar*] What with the light, and what with the liquor—] say, Mr. Moss, if you would lend me a hand.

Bri [*Aside*] I might give him the information. [*To MALT.*] Let me help you, sir.

Moss Then I'll go to.

[*Goes to trap*]

Bri The stairs are steep—two's quite enough.

[*MALT opens trap.*]

Moss But I'm so foud of your company.

Dal If you'll hold the light. [*BRI takes it and MALT goes down.*]

Bri [*Aside*] A word'll do it. [*Going down—MOSS takes candle from him and gets between him and MALT.*]

Moss Allow me. The light will do best in the middle.

[*Moss descends.*]

Malt [*From below*] Now, then!

Bri [*Rapidly closes the trap, and stands upon it*] Now's the time [*Seizes the pen that stands on the bar, and writes, reading as he writes, quickly*] "To Mr. Gibson, Peckham. The office will be entered to-night; I'm in it to save the property and secure the robbers—R Brierly." But who'll take it.

Haw [*Who has got up and read the letter over his shoulder*] I will.

Bri You?

Haw : [*pulls off his rough cap, wig, and whiskers, and speaks in his own voice*] Hawkshaw, the detective. [*Gives a pistol.*] Take this—I'll be on the look out. [*HAWK lets his head fall as DAL. re-appears beckoning at the door, and MOSS re-appears from the trap—closed in.*]

SCENE SECOND—A street in the city—moonlight. Enter MRS. WILLOUGHBY and SAM. L. She searching her pocket.

SAM You're sure you had 'em at the public.

Mrs W Certain, sure, my dear, leastwise, I let myself out w^{as} the big street door, so I couldn't have left that in the kitchen window, and I'd the little ones all in my pocket, which I noticed a hole in it only yesterday—and it's best Holland, at one and six, and only worn three years, and they ain't dropped into my skirt nor they ain't a hanging to my crinoline.

Sam Oh, bother, granny; we can't have a regular Custom House search in the street; let's go back to the public—perhaps they've found them.

Enter MR. and MRS. GREEN JONES, L. She with shawl and bonnet—He with his basket and guitar.

Green There's only one set left; perhaps Providence has sent a customer. Trotters, mum? [To MRS. W.]

Em [L. o., stopping him] In my company! I'm surprised at you! conceal that basket. [Advancing to MRS. W.] Why, if it isn't Mrs. Willoughby and Sam. Why, don't you know us—the St. Evremonds?

Mrs W [R. c] Lor bless me—and so it is! and that dear, blessed man that suffered so in his shins—which perseverance is its own reward; and may I ask what Mr Jones—

Em Mr. St. Evremond.

Mrs W Mr. St. Evremond—what's he adoin'?

Em He's in business.

Green Yes, as a—

[Producing basket]

Em [Getting between MRS WILLOUGHBY and the basket] As a sort of a sheep farmer. But whatever are you doing here at this time of night!

Mrs W Oh, my dear, it's a long story—and if you wears pockets, mend 'em, is my advice—which, which, whether they dropped, or whether they was picked—

Sam [Impatiently] We can't get in—Granny's lost her keys.

Em And you haven't a latch? Well, I wouldn't have thought it of you. Where did she lose them?

Sam At the Bridgewater Arms—and the house is shut up now.

Em I'm engaged there; I don't mind knocking Maltby up—I rather like it. Come along, Jones, it's only a step; [aside to him] conceal that basket! [Exeunt EM., SAM, and MRS WILLOUGHBY, L I R]

Green Emily thinks trotters low; she don't see that even the trotterade may be elevated by politeness and attention to seasouing.

[Exit, L I R]

Enter DALTON, MOSS, and BRIERLY, R.

Dal Come along, Bob. All serene. [Aside] Where could he hev got that six-shooter from? However, I nailed the caps in the cal Moss, you be crow—two whistles if the coast ain't clear—we'll work the crib. Lucky I nailed the old woman's keys. They'll save too! and time. Give me the glim. [Moss takes out small lantern and gives to him] Now, my lad, [to BRI.] take care; I'm a man of few words. The pal who sticks by me, I stick by him, till death. But the man who tries to double on me, had better have the hangman looking after him. than Jem Dalton [Exeunt DALTON, BRIERLY and MOSS L]

Enter HAWKSHAW, R.

Hawk This should be Crampton's beat. [*Gives a peculiar whistle, and enters a DETECTIVE, R 1 E*] Take the fastest Hanson you can find; 'cab down with this to Peckham. [*Gives note*] Bring the old gent back to St. Nicholas Lane. Say he'll be wanted to make a charge. 'There's a crib to be jumped. I'm down on'em. By the bye, lend me your darrer. [*DETECTIVE gives him a pistol, and exit R 1 E*] Jem Dalton's a tough customer. I always feel rather ashamed to burn powder. Any fool can blow a man's brains out. [*Tries caps and charges*] That lad's true blue after all. I had no idea that he tumbled to their game. He managed that letter uncommonly neat. Now for St. Nicholas Churchyard. When Jem Dalton panted his tools he never thought they'd come up darbies. [*Exit L*]

Enter MAY, breathless, R.

May I've followed the cab as far as I could. I saw them get out, and lost them at the last turning. If I could only keep them in sight—if he could but hear my voice—Robert! Robert! [*Exit L*]

SCENE THIRD.—*The Churchyard of St. Nicholas with tombstones and neglected trees; wall at back, L. C.; up, side of stage, L. an iron railing supposed to separate the churchyard from the street; in flat, R. C., the wall of MR. GIBSON'S office, with practicable back door.*

DALTON and BRIERLY drop over the wall, L. C., followed by MOSS.

Dal Now to transplant the tools! [*Gets tools from behind tombstone*] All right. Moss, look alive! Here's the door and the keys

[*Ex. into office by back door, R C followed by BRI.*]

Moss [*On the look out*] Nice quiet place—I like working in the city; I wish everybody lived out of town, and left their premises in charge of their housekeepers. [*MAY is heard, L., singing the refrain of her song*] What's that? That girl! She must have followed us. Here she is.

Enter MAY in the street, L.

May [*Sees Moss*] Oh, sir, you were with him! where is he?

Moss I'm just taking a little walk in my garden before retiring for the night; they've gone on to the Cave of Harmony—first turn on the left; there's a red lamp over the door, you can't miss it.

May Oh, thank you—thank you! [*Exit, L 2*]

Moss That's neat! Trust old Moss when anybody's to be made safe.

HAWKSHAW during the above has dropped over wall at the back, seizes MOSS from behind, stops his mouth with one hand, and handcuffs him, R

sit or speak, and you're a dead man!

Dal [*Appearing at back door*] Hang the cloud! I can't see. Moss!

Hawk [*Imitating*] All serene!

Dal [*Coming down*] We've done the job. [*Calling to BRI.*] Now, the box.

Bri [*Within*] I'll bring it [*Comes from door with cash box*]

TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Dal We'll share at the Pigeons in Duck Lane. The box! quick!

Bri A word or two first.

Dal We can talk in the cab

Bri No, here. You were my ruin four years ago.

Dal I've paid you back twice over to-night. Come, the box.

Bri I suffered then for *your* crime. Ever since you've come before me I've led an honest life—you've broke me down—you've brought me to this.

Dal I suppose you mean you've a right to an extra share of the bag?

Bri No, I mean that you're my prisoner, or you're a dead man
(*Seizes him and presents pistol.*)

Dal Hands off, you fool!

Bri Nay then——

[*Snaps pistol*]

Dal You should have asked me for the caps. Here they are.

[*Holds them up.*]

Bri No matter; armed or unarmed, you, don't escape me.
Struggle—*DAL.* strikes down *BRI.* as *HAWK.* rushes from his concealment.

Hawk Now, Jem Dalton! It's my turn!

Dal Hawkshaw!

They struggle; *HAWKSHAW* is forced down on a tombstone and nearly strangled; *SAM* appears outside the rails, *L.*, springs over them, seizes *DALTON* by the legs and throws him over; *HAWKSHAW* rises and puts the handcuffs on *DALTON*; *MAY* appears in the street, *L.*

May Robert! Husband!

Sam [*Over DALTON*] Lie still, will you? You're a nice young man!
[*Crossing to R., looking over Moss*] You're a pair of nice young men!

Hawk Now Jem Dalton! remember poor Joe Skirrett—I promised him I'd do it. I've done it at last.

Enter MR. GIBSON from back door of house, followed by *MAY*, who has gone round.

Gib This way! Here they are! The safe open! The cash-box gone!

Hawk No, saved.

[*Gives it to him.*]

Gib By whom?

Hawk The man who is bleeding yonder, Robert Brierly.

May My husband—wounded! Oh, mercy! [*She kneels over him.*]

Gib Thank heaven, he's not dead. I can repay him yet.

Haw. Men don't die so easily. He's worth a dozen dead men.

May Look—he opens his eyes. Robert, speak to me—it's *May*—
our own wife

Bri [*Finally*] Darling I'm glad you're here. It's only a clip on the head I'm none the worse. It was all my game to snare the villains, Who's there? Mr. Gibson! You would'nt trust me, but I was not ungrateful. You see, there may be some good left in a "TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN," after all.
[*Tableau*]

HAWK. MAY. BRIER. GIBSON. MORG. DALTON. OFFICERS. SAM.

B

L

THE END.

A CHURCH MOUSE

A comedy in 3 acts. By Ladislaus Fodor. Produced originally by William A. Brady, Ltd., at the Playhouse, New York. 5 males, 2 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

This sparkling, tender and entirely captivating little comedy is one of the most delightful items that we have added to our list in a long time. As Robert Garland, in reviewing the New York production for the New York World-Telegram, puts it—"it spoofed big business and went as far as to laugh out loud in the face of the depression." There is enough good clean laughter in this play to make it a welcome visitor at any theatre.

The story is concerned with the manner in which a plain, but very efficient, stenographer first gets a position as the secretary to a great Viennese bank president, and how finally she becomes his wife. To bring this about she discards her plain office clothes, adorns herself in a becoming evening dress and decides to make her employer realize that she is more than a writing machine. Her change of costume effects so complete a transformation that everyone who sees her hails her as ravishing and exquisite; so much so that the bank president asks her—little Susie Sachs—to become his wife—the Baroness von Ullrich, if you please. A captivating and refreshing comedy, ideal for amateur and little theatre production.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

POLLY WITH A PAST

Comedy in 3 acts. By George Middleton and Guy Bolton. 7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes.

"Polly" is one of the most successful comedies of recent years. Produced by David Belasco, with Ina Claire in the leading role, it ran a whole season at the Belasco Theatre, New York, as well as in London. The play has to do with the clever efforts of a girl to manufacture for herself a picturesque past in order to make herself more interesting and attractive. The little deceit gets many persons into trouble, but Polly and her friends eventually turn the trouble to good account, and Polly finds herself—after the secret is divulged—even more interesting and attractive than before, despite her desperate confession to being the daughter of a Baptist clergyman. Exceedingly good fun, with just enough sophistication.

Your audience will find here an entertainment that is dainty, sparkling and diverting.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

Comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. Produced originally at the Bijou Theatre in New York. 6 males, 10 females. (May be played by 5 males and 3 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman scarcely out of his 'teens who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girl of today should be CHARM.

The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The freshness of youth, the charm of originality, and the wholesome pleasant entertainment embodied in this play make it one of the most popular on our list. We strongly recommend it for high school production.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

CLARENCE

A comedy in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 5 males, 5 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

Clarence has no medals, no shoulder bars, no great accomplishment. One of the "five million," he served where he was sent—though it was no further than Texas. As an entomologist he found—on this side of the ocean—no field for his specialty in the great war. So they set him to driving mules.

Now, reduced to civil life and seeking a job, he finds a position in the home of one Wheeler, a wealthy Englewood man with a family. And because he'd "been in the army" he becomes guide, philosopher and friend to the members of the same agitated and distracted family group. Clarence's position is an anomalous one. He mends the bathroom plumbing, he tunes the piano, he types—off stage—he plays the saxophone. And around him revolves such a group of characters as only Booth Tarkington could offer. It is a real American comedy; and the audience ripples with appreciative and delighted laughter.

"It is as American as 'Huckleberry Finn' or pumpkin pie." N. Y. Times.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS

A comedy in 3 acts. By Graham Moffat. Produced originally at the Comedy Theatre, New York. 5 males, 5 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes.

The story told with naïve humor, concerns the fortunes of half a dozen middle-class Scotch. The marrying Scotch ladies have their keen sense of the material side of the matrimonial bargain. The Scotch men are also practical. But Bunty is the canniest of the lot. Bunty's father, a pillar of the kirk, has been somewhat irregular in connection with a trust fund given to him by Miss Susie Simpson, a vinegary spinster. She has suspicions and boldly suggests marriage as an alternative to an accounting. Meanwhile, Eelen Dunlop, whom Bunty's parent had jilted twenty-five years before, turns up. Susie suspects that there may be a reawakening of sentiment, and Sunday morning she makes a scene in front of the kirk, and accuses Bunty's father of the theft. The undaunted daughter proves her ability. She promises payment the following day and this is accomplished with money that her fiancé, William Sprunt, has saved for their marriage. Then, having side-tracked the repellent Susie, Bunty arranges for the marriage of her father and the long abandoned Eelen. And all the while Bunty's own interests are not overlooked. Her own wedding day has been carefully fixed, and on her own terms.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

APPLESAUCE

Comedy in 3 acts. By Barry Connors. Produced originally by Richard Herndon at the Ambassador Theatre, New York. 4 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes.

Bill McAllister was that serene and envied type of youth who could get along quite well without working. His chief stock-in-trade "applesauce" manages to get for him all the essentials of life, even a girl. The main obstacle for Bill to overcome is the fact that Hazel is engaged to be married to Rollo Jenkins, an industrious young man who looks carefully at every penny before he spends it.

Obstacle number two is in the form of Hazel's father who happens to be well pleased with Rollo. As might be gathered Rollo and Hazel have a spat about Bill with the result that the spreader of a little sunshine wins the girl. There is an extremely funny scene in which Bill plays up the enormous cost of married life and talks Rollo right out of his engagement. He marries the girl with just \$6 in his pocket and the firm belief that two can live as cheaply as one, for talk is cheap and Bill is no lazy linguist.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. Produced originally by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

The story is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their home to a rich Yankee. The lease stipulated that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff. Olivia who is the ring-leader in the merry scheme, elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Falkener, her daughter and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed, but not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

JONESY

Comedy in 3 acts. By Anne Morrison and John Peter Toohey. Produced originally by Earl Boothe at the Bijou Theatre, New York. 8 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

The "Jonesy" of the title is Wilbur Jones, who comes home from college bringing a fraternity brother with him. Engaged to the girl next door, his vagrant fancy is attracted by the ingénue of the local stock company. His father and mother assume that he is trying to elope with the actress, and try to save him. Before they discover that the girl is the niece of their most influential townsman, the man from whom senior Jones hopes to get a good job, they have let themselves in for many embarrassing complications. With this matter reasonably adjusted, they make the further discovery that their son has sold the family car to pay his poker debts and when the father attempts to recover the car he gets himself arrested. Many humorous complications arise that unravel themselves into a happy ending.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

ADAM AND EVA

Comedy in 3 acts. By Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Produced originally at the Longacre Theatre, New York. 6 males, 4 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes.

The story of a wealthy man, his extravagant, selfish family, clingingly dependent upon him and apparently regarding him as bothersome except when he poises pen above check book. These relatives even arrange with his physician to have him go away on a long trip, so that they may run up bills more freely. In comes the father's young business manager, who tells his employer how he would love a home. The exasperated father tells him they will change places and puts him in command of the household, himself lighting out for the upper reaches of the Amazon.

The young man soon finds himself confronted by the same hurricane of flippancy and terrific bills for lingerie. As a desperate remedy he deludes the family into thinking that father's big rubber business is ruined. In divers and humorous manners they meet the emergency. Of course, it does them all good and brings out the best in them. "Adam and Eva" is genuine fun. It enjoyed a year's run on Broadway and was a great success on the road and in motion pictures. We strongly recommend it for amateur production.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Dietrichstein. Produced originally by Rich and Harris at the Garrick Theatre, New York. 7 males, 7 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

"Are You a Mason?" is one of those delightful farces like "Charley's Aunt" that are always fresh. "A mother and a daughter," says the critic of the New York Herald, "had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know of each other's duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband's supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter's hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain."

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

DULCY

Comedy in 3 acts. By George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Produced originally at the Frazee Theatre, New York. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior scene throughout. Modern costumes.

Dulcy is a bride. Her other name is Smith. In her determination to be helpful to her husband and her friends, she plans a week-end party at her home not far from New York. They are an ill-assorted group, such as only a Dulcinea could summon about her. The three acts reveal them just before and after dinner on the evening of their arrival and on the following morning. Their brief association becomes an unbroken series of hilarious tragedies. Meanwhile she has all but ruined her husband's plans to put through an important business merger with a rich capitalist. Among her guests is a rapturous scenario writer who conspires to elope with the daughter of the capitalist, who loathes motion pictures. The plausible rich young man from Newport, whom Dulcy invites, turns out to be a harmless escaped lunatic. The ex-convict, whom she has employed as a butler in her work of social uplift, steals a diamond necklace belonging to one of the guests. Everything goes wrong, including the bridge, the golf and the billiards—the last because Dulcy has disturbed the level of the table and misplaced the ivory balls. But the most exquisite torture she inflicts upon her hapless guests is when she invites the scenario writer to recite one of his hectic plots to interpretative music played at the piano by the lunatic. It is with this experience of Dulcy's bored guests that the play reaches its highest level of satirical fun. It is Dulcy's final blunder which unexpectedly crowns all her mistaken efforts with success. A comedy of spontaneous mirth.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST

Play in 3 acts. By Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) and Gilbert Emery. 3 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

This is an especially interesting character study written by the accomplished author of "Tarnish" and the celebrated novelist who wrote "The Quick and the Dead." The chief character in this play is a charming society woman who consistently, though with the best motives, tells lies. Her incessant lying, especially to the man she loves, brings far more pain than if she had always told the truth. Eventually, however, Diana sees the error of her ways and will (perhaps) reform after she marries the man she is in love with. While there is plenty of comedy, the play contains a generous share of striking dramatic situations. A play for advanced amateurs.

(Royalty, fifty dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS

Comedy of American life in 3 acts. By Harry Delf. Produced originally by Sam H. Harris at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. 4 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

Joe Heller is a street-car inspector on \$42.50 a week. Louise is his eldest daughter, an office worker, now aged twenty-one who hasn't managed to land a husband yet. Her mother's one anxiety is to get her properly married, while father's ambition is to get his son, Willie, to work. Sister Annabelle, the "kid sister" of the family, has one passion, and that is getting out of doing her piano lessons. It is a typical average American home that we look into: Annabelle practising on the tin-panny piano, Willie making a telephone date with a girl friend, father coming home from work in his uniform, fagged out, mother bossing, Annabelle's playing, everyone wanting dinner, and so forth. Charles Grant comes to call on Louise and after embarrassed introductions all around, he is left alone with her. They are in love with each other, and before the evening is out they are engaged. But mother puts her finger into the domestic pie. She tells the neighbors what a wonderful fellow Louise has won and that he is a big banker (in reality he is making \$40 a week). And the game of bluff goes on. Having heard all this "propaganda," Grant begins to wonder what sort of a family he is getting into. There is an unhappy half-hour when the engagement seems to be off, and then Grant's mother appears on the scene. Mrs. Grant is just the bluffer that Mrs. Heller is, and both see through all the bluffs and discount them. Everything ends happily.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

A FULL HOUSE

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

Imagine a reckless and wealthy youth who writes ardent love letters, an attorney brother-in-law who steals them and then gets his hand bag mixed up with the grip of a burglar who has just stolen a valuable necklace from the mother of the indiscreet youth, and the efforts of the crook to recover his plunder, as incidents in the story of a play in which the swiftness of the action never halts for an instant. Not only are the situations screamingly funny but the lines themselves hold a fund of humor.

"Uncorks a laugh a second." N. Y. Press.

"Hustling, bustling, reckless fun." N. Y. American.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

KEMPY

A delightful comedy in 3 acts. By J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Produced originally at the Belmont Theatre in New York. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior through-out. Modern costumes.

The story is about a highfalutin daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipe in the house, just because he "understands" her, having read her book and having sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every moment of the time.

"A delightful comedy." N. Y. Evening World.

"I am always thankful for a laugh, and therefore I acknowledge a sense of gratitude to 'Kempy.'" N. Y. American.

"Taken by surprise the audience laughed until it cried." N. Y. Journal.

"Proved to be one of the most amusing plays of the season." N. Y. World.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. Produced originally at the Longacre Theatre, New York. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes in contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughter purposes only.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE MIDDLE WATCH

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall. Produced originally at the Times Square Theatre, New York. 9 males, 6 females. Modern costumes and naval uniforms. 2 interior scenes.

During a reception on board H. M. S. "Falcon," a cruiser on the China Station, Captain Randall of the Marines has become engaged to Fay Eaton, and in his enthusiasm induces her to stay and have dinner in his cabin. This is met with stern disapproval by Fay's chaperon, Charlotte Hopkinson, who insists that they leave at once. Charlotte, however, gets shut up in the compass room, and a gay young American widow accepts the offer to take her place, both girls intending to go back to shore in the late evening. Of course, things go wrong, and they have to remain aboard all night. By this time the Captain has to be told, because his cabin contains the only possible accommodations, and he enters into the conspiracy without signalling the Admiral's flagship. Then the "Falcon" is suddenly ordered to sea, and the Admiral decides to sail with her. This also makes necessary the turning over to him of the Captain's quarters. The presence of the ladies now becomes positively embarrassing. The girls are bundled into one cabin just opposite that occupied by the Admiral. The game of "general-post" with a marine sentry in stockinged feet is very funny, and so are the attempts to explain matters to the "Old Man" next morning. After this everything ends—both romantically and happily.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR

A comedy in 3 acts. By Myron C. Fagan. Produced originally at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York. 4 males, 5 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

Nothing is really private any more—not even pajamas and bedtime stories. No one will object to Nancy's private affair being made public, and it would be impossible to interest the theatre public in a more ingenious plot. Nancy is one of those smart, sophisticated society women who wants to win back her husband from a baby vamp. Just how this is accomplished makes for an exceptionally pleasant evening. Laying aside her horn-rimmed spectacles, she pretends indifference and affects a mysterious interest in other men. Nancy baits her rival with a bogus diamond ring, makes love to her former husband's best friend, and finally tricks the dastardly rival into a marriage with someone else.

Mr. Fagan has studded his story with jokes and retorts that will keep any audience in a constant uproar.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

TAKE MY TIP

A comedy in 3 acts. By Nat N. Dorfman. Produced originally at the 48th Street Theatre in New York. 7 males, 6 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

Pew of us have escaped getting our fingers burnt in the crash of the stock market, and even those of us who have, have heard enough about it to take a sympathetic and amused interest in the doings of Henry Merrill when he tries to buck the game and grow rich. The play starts just two months before the crash. Henry, of the local soap works, is so heavy an investor in an oil stock that he is made a thirty-sixth Vice President of the Corporation. Not being the kind of fellow who would forget his friends in this time of good fortune he lets them all in on the good thing. Being humanly greedy, the friends jump at the chance to profit. . . In the second act, after Henry's daughter has eloped, the friends are presenting Henry with a diamond-studded wrist watch, as a token of their esteem, when news comes of the Wall Street upheaval and all are wiped out. Things, however, are not as bad as they look, for Henry, who has an invention to revolutionize the soap industry, sells the idea for a large price and everything is all tight again.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

PETER FLIES HIGH

A comedy in 3 acts. By Myron C. Fagan. Produced originally at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. 8 males, 6 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

This delightful comedy concerns one Peter Turner who caddied for the Morgans, the Kahns and the Guggenheims on the links at Miami. It was during one of these rounds on the golf links that Peter fell over and killed a stray dog. The local paper built the story up so that Peter becomes a nation-wide hero who saved the lives of many people by strangling a mad canine. By the time the story reaches his home town, Rosedale, New Jersey, Peter has become the boon companion of all the money kings—at least in the public mind—and Peter does his best to foster the deception. Carried away by his imagination he pretends to be a friend of the great, persuades his brother-in-law to buy an option to a ninety-acre lot on the assumption that "Guggenheim" is to build a golf course there, obtains \$10,000 from the local banker and then becomes badly involved in his deceptions. After Peter endures the ridicule of his townsfolk and the ire of the banker there suddenly appears on the scene a representative of "Guggenheim" who wants the acreage not for a golf course but an air field, and promptly turns over a check for \$75,000 for a part of it.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

The ticket-of-leave man; a drama in four



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